PEONA.

(From the picture by J. M. Strudwick.)

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FAIR INDIA.

(A VISION OF BEAUTY.)

I had a dream, a lovely dream,
A vision of the night;
So beautiful, it seem'd to me
So rare, so full of light;
That all my waking thoughts were fill'd
With that sweet vision bright.
I'll ne'er forget, the time I met
That Vision of the Night.

I saw a form, a lovely form,
In marble, sweet and rare;
Methinks I never gaz'd upon
A face so wondrous fair!
Its lineaments perfection show'd,
It seem'd almost to breathe,
And a smile more sweet than human smile
It's features seem'd to wreathe!

And as I gaz'd and wonder'd long,
An angel came that way;
All wrapp'd in golden glory sheen,
Brighter than bright noonday.
He stood, and look'd upon the face
So bright, and sweet and fair,
And gazing sigh'd, as he beheld
The silent statue rare!

"Alas!" he said, "Now beautiful
"Beyond compare; but dead;
"Call on it, and the loving call
"Is never answered!
"'Tis India's lovely form you see
"All lifeless you behold;
"Oh, that some mortal could be found
"To change this statue cold.

"Know, mortal, it has been ordain'd,
"That if one human heart,
"Will voluntarily shed its blood,
"This stone to life will start!
"Its lips will speak, its eyes will shine,
"With Heaven's own light inspir'd,
"Canst thou the sacrifice now make?
"By love Divine all fir'd?"

He spake, once more I fondly gaz'd
Upon that beauteous stone;
And as I look'd, I grew amaz'd
To see a tear roll down.
It slowly crept along the face,
And th' eyes look'd sad at me;
And the lips moved slow with artless grace,
And begg'd to be made free!

I turn'd to where the angel stood,
And bar'd my bosom free;
I said:—"Draw forth that falchion keen,
"And pass it right thro' me.
"I'll shed my heart's blood to restore
"Fair India from her grave;
"From stony deadness, cold and drear,
"My heart's blood shall her save."

"At once the Angel brief replied,
"The will I take for deed.
"Take thou you stone to warmth and life,
"For which thou fain would'st bleed!"
At once the rigid form with life
Grew warm, and heav'd a sigh,
While from the parted lips, there came
A long, low, grateful cry!

M. ELADNIT.

Selections from Keats.

I. PEONA,—A SKETCH FROM ENDYMION.

It is not possible to sketch the story of Keats' Endymion as a continuous narrative; but a bald outline of it could be given. For, into this interpretation of a love-legend of Greece, Keats interweaves many other Greek legends; and at times he loses the thread of his narrative and leaves his reader to wander through "mighty mazes" and labyrinthic windings. As Mr. Bridges says, "To one who expects to be carried on by the interest of the story, the poem is more tedious and unreadable than can be imagained." Yet the poem contains gleams of poetry, which reveal, in more ways than one, the sublime grandeur and ethereal nature of this divine poet, who, misunderstood as he was and is, delivered his message to this dark world and flitted across it, untouched by its selfishness, and untainted by its sordidness.

On a lawn, within a mighty forest, "outspread upon the sides of Latmos" one fair morning, when

> "The mass
> Of Nature's lives and wonders puls'd tenfold
> To feel this sunrise and its glories old,"

was celebrated a feast in honour of the god Pan.

The young huntsman-chieftain, Endymion, was present, but he did not take any part in the festivities, for there lurked a secret trouble in his heart. After the ceremonies were over, his sister Peona by her "sweetly-gentle" ways persuaded him to open his heart to her. She took her brother, from the noise of the crowd to a lonely spot, which was her favourite resort, and there Endymion, after much caressing and persuasion from his sister, revealed to her the cause of his trouble and distress. He told her that at a certain spot by the river he saw a sudden growth of flowers—

> "A magic bed
> Of sacred dittany and poppies red"

(flowers sacred to Cynthia). There he fell asleep and had a vision of entering the Gates of Heaven, of seeing the "loveliest moon" rise in "transcendent splendour," and then of being accosted by a woman, beautiful beyond expression, lovely beyond words, who came blushing towards him and gently pressed his hand. He fainted at the "charmed touch" and felt himself upborne, through the upper regions, where he "gave the beauty a rapturous kiss." Next he dreamed that he fell asleep. This was the prelude to his actual waking out of the vision. Ever after this he had a mysterious feeling that his dream had not been all a dream. This feeling is confirmed by several incidents of dim suggestion which afterwards befell him. Peona now gently rebuked him for his "poor weakness," in thus allowing himself "to sully the entrusted gem of high and noble life with thoughts so sick," in thus permitting himself to be depressed and distressed for the fleeting beauty of a visionary woman. Endymion then promised to Peona to give up this feverish passion and begin again the calm and peaceful life he had led before. But he did not keep his promise; for he was still craving for his unknown love.

One day he plucked a rose-bud; it suddenly blossomed; and lo! a golden butterfly whose wings were strangely charactered flew out of it. Endymion chased the butterfly which "led him through many a woodland dim and buried paths" until it reached a "splashing fountain's side" where it disappeared. Endymion searched for his treacherous guide, but in vain; and tired of his useless quest laid himself on the grass; when suddenly a gentle whisper disturbed his "gloomy rest;" starting up he saw in the "fountain's pebbly margin," a nymph among the lilies. She told him that the "bitterness of love" was very great and that he should wander far, before he could expect to be joined to his "mystic fair one." She vanished, and Endymion overwhelmed by despair sank down. Life appeared gloomy and joyless and he blurted out a prayer to his favourite moon-goddess for some aid. He at once heard a voice which said :—

> "Descend
> Young mountaineer! descend, where alleys bend
> Into the sparry hollows of the world."

He eagerly obeyed and entered the bonds of the earth where he passed through regions of twilight dimness, starred with gems, until he came to a temple of Gothic vastness decked with oriental grandeur, where he saw enshrined a statue of Diana, and he appealed to the goddess to restore him to his earthly home. He then underwent several adventures (which cannot be detailed here) till at last he met Venus who told him that one day he should be blessed. He then passed through caves, and dark passages and many labyrinths, till at last, disgusted with his wanderings, he invoked Jupiter. An eagle at once swooped down and bore him to a jasmine-

bower, where wearied of life itself Endymion prepared to sleep, when to his inexpressible joy the object of his love appeared. The lovers were at once in each other's arms and indulged their passion in kisses and caresses, he "urgent to know" who his unknown love might be and she confessing herself a goddess hitherto in "awful loveless chastity" and promising to exalt Endymion ere long to Olympus. This ecstatic meeting of the lovers ended with the sleep of Endymion, who awaking found himself alone. Endymion now passed from beneath the earth and found himself under the sea. Here he met Glaucus, the ill-omened lover of Scylla and helped him by means of some magical process to be restored to the bosom of his long-lost love. He then went in procession with the "goodly company of ransomed lovers" to the Court of King Neptune, where he saw his love and immediately went into a trance; Neriads then conveyed him to a forest, and as he floated down he heard in his dream words of re-assurance and faith from the woman he loved.

He was on earth again and when he awoke he found himself in a woody dell. The first sound that greeted his ears was the plaintive wail of a soft, liquid, female voice; unseen himself, he saw a beautiful Indian maid, "who lay bemoaning her loveless lot." She sang in a most pathetic strain, how she had followed the train of Bacchus, and how she had been deserted to die alive. Endymion unable to resist the charms of the forlorn maid, lovely in her tears, sprang forward and declared his passion. He felt that he was guilty, for he was not true to his first love; still he persisted in wooing her. He then heard a dismal voice echoing through the forest which said "love to Endymion." Mercury now descended from heaven and touched the ground with his wand, and two winged horses sprang from the earth. Endymion seated his newly-found love on one of the horses, and himself mounted the other; they flew upward "eagle-high." Now both of them passed under the magic influence of the region of sleep, and Endymion dreamt that he was in Heaven again, where he saw his first love, Diana. He sprang forward and protested his faith to her; but when he awoke he saw his Indian maid, still sleeping by his side on the horse's pinions; he tried to kiss her, but she melted out of his grasp and vanished. Endymion's horse now bore him through unknown regions, till at last it carried him to a hill top. Here, once more, he found his beautiful Indian maid, and for her sake foreswore all his love for Diana; but she declined his offer and said that she was forbidden to love him by some supernatural power, and bade him a "sad, long adieu." Peona, his sister, reappeared and gently rebuked her brother for being sad when he should really be happy with so beautiful a lady by his side. Endymion then declared his determination to renounce the world and lead the life of a hermit. Both the women now retired, and Endymion sat motionless till the shades of evening began to fall upon him. He then walked to the temple of Diana, as requested by his sister, but he heeded not anything that took place there. Peona, accompanied by the Indian maid accosted him, and asked what he required. He replied, "Sister, I would have command, if it were Heaven's will, on our sad fate." At this the dark-eyed Indian maid stood elate and assured him that he would have what he wanted; as she spake, her form and figure changed and she stood revealed as Diana, the object of Endymion's first love. The lovers, now having taken leave of their sister, vanished and

> "Peona went
> Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment."

The picture in the frontispiece is in illustration of this closing scene of "Endymion." In an opening of the wood, through which the soft rays of the moon rising in mild glory touched into fairy colours and fantastic beauty, the rich grass studded with bright flowers, stands the wonder-struck Peona. Her brother and his lover had just taken leave of her, and had vanished locked in each other's arms and she stands there with that "wonderment," of which the poet speaks, written on every line of her face.

It is curious to observe says Matthew Arnold, that Keats (a poet who was aboundingly and enchantingly sensuous) should have treated with a certain degree of coldness those prime objects of a sensuous and passionate poets' regard, love and women. Keats himself speaks of "the opinion I have formed of the generality of women, who appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugar-plum than my time." There is no doubt that in almost the whole poetry of Keats we find this lamentable defect, "a superficial and unworthy treatment of his ideal female characters." In Cynthia, whom the poet makes the object of Endymion's untiring pursuit, we would expect to find a woman worthy of our love and admiration: but in this we are disappointed, for Cynthia, though she does not excite our disgust, does not certainly win our admiration. She is at best an impossible figure, too cloying, too passionate in the ardour of her love, and too "flighty," to be caught and fully realised by the reader's imagination, even in his maturer poems, Lamia, Isabella and Eve of St. Agnes, where the women are in any way "dominant." Lamia pictures a decidedly bad type of woman; Isabella, though she moves us to pity by the ardour and constancy of her love, does not possess that

feminine delicateness and that romantic charm and mystery, which we always associate with a woman of rank in love; and Madeline, the heroine of St. Agnes' Eve, is made to play too insignificant a part in the action of the poem to win in any way our interest or admiration. Sufficient and satisfactory reasons have been given to explain the presence of this flaw (if we may so call it) in the otherwise untainted genius of this great poet, which, however, cannot be detailed here. But if Keats had failed in the portraiture of all his ideal female characters, yet in Peona he has painted a woman worthy of his wonderful genius. She is not, like Cynthia or Lamia, consumed by a supernatural passion, nor like Isabella or Madeline absorbed in her own love, but of a homely, simple nature of which Keats says in his Hyperion :—

> " They seek no wonder but the human face,
> No music but a happy noted voice."

While feasting and merry-making are going on everywhere at the feast of Pan, Peona anxiously watches the sorrowful face of her brother; she gently and unobserved steps up to him. A subdued melancholy breaks through the innate peace and serene joy of her face. Her sweet and unresistible voice pleads with him and Endymion at last yields to her. She leads him forth like a " midnight spirit nurse."

> " Guarding his forehead with her round elbow
> From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow
> From stumbling overstumps."

She now takes him to her bower, where Endymion in child-like innocence lays his head upon her lap and " soon is quieted into slumberous rest." Peona, like an anxious mother hanging over the sick bed of her child, watches the sleeping form of her brother.

> " As a willow keeps
> A patient watch over the stream that creeps
> Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
> Held her peace ".

As she anxiously studied the care-worn face of her brother, her mind insensibly reverted to the time when as children untouched by care, untainted by sorrow, they wandered through the mighty forest hand in-hand; and, unknown to her, sad tears of pure sisterly affection began to trickle down her fair dimpled cheeks. Endymion, after a refreshing sleep wakes up and finding his sister in tears, asks her not to weep, for he would no longer indulge in his sadness, and requested her,

> " If thy lute is here, softly intreat
> My soul to keep in its resolved course."

Hereat Peona, whose one desire is to soothe the sorrows of others, took up with " glad exclaim " her lute and sent forth music " mournful strange," that echoed in soft cadence through the avenues of the forest. By her readiness to sympathise, by her willingness to serve, and by the sweetness of her temper, she wins the confidence of her love-sick brother and he opens his heart unreservedly to her. She now vanishes from the scene and only appears again when her peace-giving presence is needed. Like a ministering angel, who goes about relieving pain, comforting sorrows and helping distress, she is there where she is needed most. She is not with her brother in his happy moments, when he meets his lover in the jasmine bower, or when he enters the Court of Neptune with the glorious company of redeemed lovers; but, when he is in deep distress, when he is struck down by repeated failures in his earnest quest, when he sinks down despairing of life itself, she is then by his side.

Modest as the violet, pure as the lily is Peona. Keats has painted a most loveable and lovely figure. A child-like innocence, an angelic purity, a divine unselfishness breathe around her. She is a woman—the true type of her sex—with no vain desires, with no " flighty " aspirations, with no high-soaring ambitions, whose work is to minister to others, whose joy is to relieve sorrow, and whose life is one unselfish devotion to the wants of humanity. Peona shows that woman, when she can free herself from all low and self-seeking desires—is much nearer heaven than man.

J. N. V.

II.—ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

In this exquisite poem Keats seems to have given expression to all those vain longings that seize the human heart at some time or another of its youthful life. Keats, when he wrote this, was in the heyday of youth, and hence, the beauty of nature seems at times to overpower him. The tender beauty of the night, the soft gentle breeze, the delicious scent of half-blown flowers, and the thousand and one mysterious sounds of nature, all this, forming a background for the ecstatic melody of the nightingale, as she pours forth her heart in the speaking silence of the night,—all this stirs the deepest longings in Keats' heart and finds vent in these beautiful lines, the music of whose rhythm is haunting in the extreme. The poet seems to have written down his thoughts as they occurred to him. He has entirely given himself up to the music and the beauty, and his man's heart is now raised in ecstasy and now sunk in the depths of despondency, as thoughts of happiness, life and death come to him; but throughout it all is ever present that vague yearning after something, which is not in the

actual present, the characteristic of youth, unlike the longings of old age, which always turn back to the past and are only fed by sad memories.

Too much beauty at times oppresses the soul. The feeling that arises from its contemplation is not purely pleasurable, but is touched with pain, that heartache that realises the non-fulfilment of one's ideal—so with Keats. The melodious song of "the light-winged Dryad of the trees" wakes up sad echoes in his lonely heart and the first thought he is conscious of is that of pain :—

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock, I had drunk."

His heart is weary, very weary and this wonderful music seems to be depriving him of all consciousness. But he rouses himself up and analyses this sensation and it is, not "through envy of thy happy lot," but the beauty is too great, and he is too, too happy. Oh, that this happiness might last for ever ! Can a draught of rich wine,

"That hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth,"

can this deliver him from himself, or can "a beakerfull of the warm south, full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene," can this make him leave the world unseen and "with thee fade away into the forest dim ?" Thus, with one stroke of the pen he conjures up bright visions of youth and laughter, love and mirth ; another, and these pass away and give place to the dull realities of life ; the misery and grief, the despair and loneliness rise up before him like grim spectres and we are afraid and draw back in fear and despondency. Keats wishes himself away from it all :

"Fade, far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret ;
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despair ;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow."

Everything seems useless and the pity of it is that men cannot help each other, but they just have to endure and see each other suffer. The contemplation of life's sorrows proves too much for him, and his one thought is to leave all these behind him and fly to the nightingale. But how, not as before, "charioted by Bacchus and his pards :" that physical mood has left him ; now on the "viewless wings of poesy" will he soar to immortal heights. The magic of those wings has already brought him to the sweet-voiced songster. Then follows a description of night and the scene around him. The dreamy moonlight and starlight is "with the breezes blown through verdurous gloom and winding mossy ways," to the place where he sits under beechen groves : and then the flowers :—

"I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet."...

How beautifully this is expressed. A poet's guessing, and where are the limits ? Sweet-scented flowers rise up one after another in quick succession, the hawthorn, the eglantine, fast-fading violets, and "the coming musk rose, full of dewy wine," and harmonising with the silence of the night is "the murmurous haunt of summer flies."

Again, the sense of oppression returns on him, and this time it is stronger. Oh, that he might die now—that he might "cease upon the midnight with no pain," while he is listening to *such* music. But though he is dead, the song will go on—and he

"To thy high requiem become a sod."

Death is only for mortals like him, but "Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !" Thy song has been ringing down the ages ; in the early ages it was heard by emperor and clown ; perhaps it is the same comforting melody

"That found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;"

or perhaps it is the same that floated on the wings of love and

"Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

Alas, the song is over, and the singer has fled, and not even the magic wings of fancy can waft it back again to him.

"Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?"

The song of the nightingale is over, the song of the poet is at an end, and we wake up with a sigh from dreams and visions, from the contemplation of beauty to the realization of life.

S.

"I would have you be......like a fire well kindled, which catches at everything you throw in, and turns it into flame and brightness.

M. AURELIUS.

A Hospital for Broken Resolutions.

[By Delia Lyman Porter.]

It was an odd sign, and so thought Margaret Miles as she stood looking curiously up at it. There, in great black letters, over the entrance of a large red building, were the words: *"Hospital and Home for Broken Resolutions."*

Just then a man of severe but noble countenance came out of the doorway, and Margaret plucked up courage to ask the explanation of the curious sign.

"It is indeed a Hospital for Broken Resolutions," he replied with great politeness. "And it is filling up very rapidly just now. The only rest our doctors and nurses have is about New-Year's time, when there is a grand thinning out, both of our sick wards and the adjoining Home, where our Good Resolutions remain when unemployed."

Margaret was greatly interested, and, encouraged by his courtesy, asked several questions, in the course of which she learned that her guide was the General Superintendent of the Hospital, and was quite willing that she should accompany him on his morning tour of inspection.

He first led the way into a general lounging-room, where a group of convalescents were conversing with so much animation that they did not notice the new-comers. The Superintendent told Margaret the names of the speakers, as they listened for a few moments to the talk.

"Yes, it was a sad experience," said Mr. Resolve-to-be-punctual. "A warmer welcome I never received from any host than that on last New-Year's morning. He embraced me most ardently and declared that he should never under any circumstances allow me to leave him. For a fortnight I received the kindest treatment, but, after that time, a series of cruel acts resulted finally in my summary dismissal in February, in so rough a manner that, as you all know, I have not yet recovered from my injuries."

"Your experience was much like my last one," said, Miss Resolve-to-speak-no-ill-of-others, "except that I was turned out in a week. I thought from the first that I was not likely to have a comfortable stay, in spite of my hostess' cordial greetings on New-Year's Day. The very next morning she nearly turned the cold shoulder on me when her attention was engrossed by a spicy bit of gossip, but I was patient and forbearing. On the seventh day, however, I heard her repeating an outrageous piece of slander with such evident gusto, that my self-respect obliged me to leave. My sensitive constitution had been already seriously impaired by her treatment."

"Well," said Mr. Resolve-to give-up-smoking, "I doubt if any of you have had such a fight as I this month. A man took me in on his birthday. He had nearly smoked himself to death, and I was glad to help him and determined to stick by him as long as I could. He was a plucky fellow, for though I could see he perfectly hated the sight of me, some strong sense of duty obliged him to treat me well. He actually housed me for a whole month, though many a time he was on the point of turning me out. Poor fellow! I was sorry to leave him, but I saw it had to come. One day he determined he would smoke if he died for it and if he never saw me again. In justice to myself I must mention that his health had improved wonderfully during my stay, but it all seemed of no use. And, after a regular hand-to-hand fight—for he was a strong fellow and I was determined to stay—he threw me out of doors so violently that I felt as if my very backbone were broken. Poor fellow! he'll surely want me again on his next birthday, but my stay will be shorter then than the last."

At a beckoning gesture from the Superintendent, Margaret followed him into a ward filled with cots, in each of which lay a poor little Broken Resolution, slowly gaining strength for renewed efforts to help the people of this weak-willed world.

"These two belong to a very large family," said her guide, pointing to the nearest cots, "the Resolve-to-act-on-the-sermon family. They attend all church services, and seek for homes while the sermon is being preached. They often find excellent homes for life in this way, and we consider it a much more reliable means of obtaining places than those generally used by the New-Year and Birthday department. But many even of this excellent family are turned away before their entertainers have

quitted the church doors. One of the commonest causes of their discharge is the sudden alienation inspired in their hosts by the dissipating conversation in which so many of our churchgoers indulge even while walking down the church aisle and on their way home."

Here the occupant of a cot near by, Master Resolve-to-be a-Christian, spoke up:

"I was taken in by a sweet young girl at a prayer-meeting one evening," he said, "but the very next night she went to a gay party, though I advised her to wait and pay more attention to me, so recent a visitor, and on her return she seemed to have forgotten all about me. I waited several days in vain for any notice, but finally, being nearly starved, I had to leave her. If this were the first time, I should not feel so discouraged, but she has welcomed me eagerly so many times, and later treated me so ill, that I begin to weary of going to her. I did hope she would keep me until I could send my big brother, Resolve-to-grow-as-a-Christian, to take my place."

How any one could resist that loving little fellow, with his peaceful, restful face, was hard to see.

They next went over the spacious building adjoining the hospital, where all Good Resolutions who were well enough to leave the hospital, and yet had no permanent homes, were cared for.

In the first room I saw many little creatures dressed in sombre colors.

"My name is Resolve-to-live-so-that-I-may-be-ready-to-die," said one in response to my question. "My sisters and I find many permanent homes with the friends of those who die or with those who have some great sorrow. We think we are better off than most other famllies of Resolutions, for we are seldom turned away. My last experience, however, was a sad one," she continued, sighing. "My hostess kept me until she put off her mourning dress, and then she put me off too."

In the next room were many Good Resolutions: Miss Resolve-not-to-be-lazy, Mr. Resolve-to-keep-the-laws-of-health, Mr. Resolve-to-use-no-slang, and his brother—Resolve-not-to-exaggerate. Miss Resolve-to-be-obliging and Miss Resolve-to-be-patient, were there, and a host of others, all in a greater or less degree bearing marks of the neglect or cruelty of their former entertainers.

"Besides the regular church-service department, there are numerous Good Resolutions," said the guide, "who go out with every good book and newspaper which appears in the world. These often find excellent permanent homes in this way. . . . But, I cannot help observing that I think the usual treatment which our charges receive from their entertainers is simply shameful. And now I have said so much, I will go still further," he continued, waxing indignant. "You may remember, miss, that you yourself have often acted in this same unprincipled manner. Only last New-Year you promised to give a permanent home to three of our most valuable helpers—Miss Resolve-to-be-contented, Mr. Resolve-to-be-charitable-in judging-others, and Mr. Resolve-to-think-more-of-others'-happiness-than-my own. Where are they now?"

His question was answered in a most uncomfortable manner for Margaret, by the sudden appearance of these three old guests of hers. As each approached, the Superintendent, before whom she seemed now to have become quite insignificant and helpless, deliberately stabbed her with a sharp slender instrument, which wounded cruelly at every thrust.

She tried to escape, but was prevented by a crowd of other Good Resolutions,—Birthday and New Year's Resolutions, which she had not seen for years; Church Resolutions, Bible Resolutions,—all kinds came rushing in upon her from all sides. Numerous as they were, however, her ruthless guide managed to inflict a stab for each of them on her poor body. By this time, even in the midst of the tumult of reproaches which met her ears, she more than once heard the Superintendent addressed as Conscience!

When Margaret realized that she was in the presence of that dread character, she felt at once how truly she merited his punishment. Falling on her knees before him, she begged him once more to intrust her with Good Resolutions, that she might atone for her former maltreatment of them.

Her stern mentor lifted her gently from the floor and motioned to a fair young Resolution to take her by the hand.

"Keep her always with you," said he. "Never let her from your sight. Treat her lovingly and obediently, and never again need I punish you so severely for ill-treating my charges."

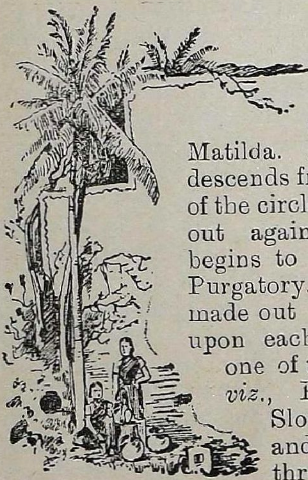
Then Margaret went forth with her new friend, Resolve-to-look-ever-to-Christ-for-strength, and, as the days and weeks passed by, it was as her guide had foretold. So carefully did Margaret obey his instructions that not only did she keep her new friend ever by her, but one by one her former guests, bringing others with them, came begging her again to give them a home.

Soon no fairer company could be found than that which Margaret drew and kept constantly with her, and rarely did any of her happy and thriving guests have to repair, even for a short visit, to the Hospital for Broken Resolutions.

Some of Dante's Female Characters.

II.—COUNTESS MATILDA.

By Miss Ethel Durrant.



ANOTHER female character who attracts our interest and attention is that of Matilda. Dante, led by Virgil, descends from one into the other of the circles of Hell, and coming out again into the daylight begins to climb the Mount of Purgatory. This mountain is made out in 7 terraces and upon each of these is purged one of the seven deadly sins, *viz.*, Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Avarice, Gluttony and Impurity. Passing through these, they come to the Terrestrial Paradise, where flow the two streams, Lethen and Eunoe, the former of which washes away the remembrance of Sin, while the latter strengthens the remembrance of good deeds. They are walking in a wood, beside the stream Lethe, when on its further side they perceive a beautiful lady—in a later canto called Matilda—gathering flowers and singing. Dante accosts her with a graceful greeting, and she in reply, explains to him certain things concerning the nature of that place—they both continuing to walk on either side of the stream. Suddenly they are met by a marvellous procession, symbolizing the church Triumphant, and, while Dante is gazing at it absorbed in its splendour and mystery, Beatrice descends from Heaven. Then follows an interview between her and the poet, in which she rebukes him for falling away from his former lofty aspirations and ideals. The sweet sacred songs of Angels, also present, moves Dante to penitence and repentance, and he is then drawn through the river Lethe by Matilda, so that he may forget his past sins. After one or two further events, the same lady causes him to drink of Eunoe from which he

> "Returned,
> Regenerate, in the manner of new trees
> That are renewed with a new foliage,
> Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars."

Henceforth Matilda is no more seen.

Who is this lady, thus linked with Dante in this momentous part of his journey? She also is no fictitious, but a real character. Born in 1047, in Tuscany, daughter of Boniface, Count of that province, she became the wife of Guelf, of the House of Suabia. We know little about the husband, but the wife became an eminent woman. According to the laws of that time, she could not as a female, inherit her father's estates, for even male heirs required a royal confirmation. Matilda, therefore, having no legal rights, feared the Emperor and clung to the Pope. The Church had always been a friend of her house and from childhood she had breathed an atmosphere of submission and devotion to its authority. It is no wonder then, that her life was passed in active exertion for herself and the Church against the Emperors, these two antagonistic elements resulting afterwards in the Guelf and Ghibelline factions. But her submission to Pope and Church was not blind; her object was to strengthen the chief spiritual against the chief temporal power, preserving, however, her own independence. She therefore protected subordinate members of the Church against feudal chieftains and its head against the feudal Emperor. Matilda carried on this contest throughout her life, with all the enthusiasm and constancy of a woman and the resolute courage of a man; she gave generously of her wealth and influence to the continued support of the cause she had so unflinchingly taken up. And on her death-bed even, it was eminently characteristic of her previous life, that she ordered to be placed on her one side her sword, on the other her crucifix. Thus, at a time and in a country, where women were supposed to keep more or less in the background of things, we can well understand that Matilda was a somewhat remarkable character. This lady with her strength, courage and beauty, Dante has chosen, with much wisdom, to symbolize religious active life. She, as we have seen, plunges Dante into the rivers of Lethe and Eunoe, thus purifying him and enabling him to rise unto the stars. Dante puts in a few personal touches which history does not naturally give. Matilda is not only strong and beautiful, but modest and womanly, intelligent, happy-natured; she rejoices in God's works in nature and expects Dante to do the same.

Dante does not exactly, as usual, draw any moral lessons from her character. But surely the contemplation of such an one, with her devotion to what she felt was right, her womanliness, courage and loyalty, should do us all good.

III.—La Piccarda.

Dante, as we have seen, passes through Hell and Purgatory under the guidance of Virgil—Virgil as symbolizing Human Wisdom. But when the way to Heaven lies before him Virgil can guide him no longer; the abodes of the blessed can be attained not by Human, but Divine,

Wisdom; therefore, Beatrice, symbolizing Divine Wisdom, appears to him while yet on the Mount of Purgatory and takes him with her into the Heavens. Heavens—not heaven,—for Dante's idea of Paradise was that it consisted of 9 concentric spheres, revolving about the Earth as a central point and the motionless Empyrean encircling and containing all, in which is the Visible Presence of God.

In the first Heaven, or that of the Moon, are seen the spirits of those, who, having taken monastic vows, were forced to violate them. In the second, or that of Mercury, the spirits of those whom desire of fame incited to noble deeds. In the third or that of Venus, the spirits of Lovers. In the fourth, or that of the Sun, the spirits of Theologians and Fathers of the Church. In the fifth, or that of Mars, the spirits of Crusaders and those who died for the true Faith. In the sixth, or that of Jupiter, the spirits of righteous Kings and Rulers. In the seventh, or that of Saturn, the spirits of the Contemplative. In the ninth, or Primim Mobile, the Angelic Hierarchies. In the eighth or that of the Fixed Stars, the Triumph of Christ. In the tenth, or the Empyrean, is the Visible Presence of God. Dante and Beatrice, therefore, ascend first into the Moon, where those souls are found, who have been obliged to violate monastic vows. These souls appear to Dante to be shadows, but learning from Beatrice that they are "true substances" he enters into conversation with one "that seemed most wishful to speak." Answering his inquiries as to her identity, for he does not recognize her although known before—she tells him her name, Piccarda. His desire for information, ever unquenchable, makes him ask,

Tell me, ye who in this place are happy,
Are you desirous of a higher place,
To see more or to make yourselves more friends?

And she, radiant with love, gladness and contentment, answers:—

"Brother, our will is quieted by virtue
Of charity that makes us wish alone
For what we have, nor gives us thirst for more.
If to be more exalted we aspired,
Discordant would our aspirations be
Unto the will of Him who here secludes us;
Which thou shalt see finds no place in these circles,
If being in charity is needful here,
And if thou lookest well into its nature;
Nay, 'tis essential to this blest existence
To keep itself within the well divine,
Whereby our very wishes are made one;
So that, as we are station above station
Throughout this realm, to all the realm, its pleasing
Is to the King, who makes his will our will.
And His will is our peace; this is the sea
To which is moving onward whatsoever
It doth create, and all that nature makes."

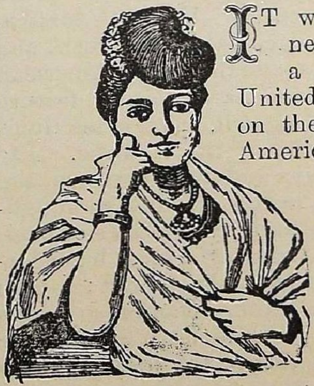
And She also tells him the history of her life on earth. What was this history?—for she again is no fictitious character. Piccarda was a sister of Forese and Corso Denati (both found in the sixth circle of Purgatory) and of Gemma, Dante's wife. Forese says of her character, that she was so beautiful and good, that he knew not in which she excelled. She was a Nun in a Convent belonging to the order of Saint Clara,—that Clara, who was sister-friend and companion-worker to St. Francis of Assisi, whose praises are also celebrated in this poem (Canto XI). Corso, less brotherly than Forese dragged her with violence from her shelter and married her to Rosselin della Tosa. She herself says "God knows what afterwards my life became." It was such that she did not live long! And Dante, with tender reverence and compassion, imagines her in this Heaven of the Moon, compensated for her trials in this world and rejoicing in the Presence and Will of God. It is amidst her words that we find that well-known and beautiful line, "In His (God's) Will is our peace."

Poor ill-used innocent child! Do not her life and character draw upon our admiration as well as compassion?

One cannot possibly doubt but that she was sinned against, not sinning, else she would not be found in Dante's Paradise.

General Impressions of America.

By an Indian Visitor to America.



It would be an impertinence on my part, after a flying visit to the United States, to generalize on the character of the American nation, or of their institutions; but there are certain prominent features of American life and character that force themselves on the attention of even the casual visitor; and it is to these that I now wish to refer briefly. In the first place it must be remembered that when we speak of the American nation it consists of the most heterogeneous races and communities. A traveller, wishing to have an idea of the varying elements that go to make up the American nation, has this opportunity on board any of the huge Atlantic liners that ply between Liverpool and New York, or Southampton and New York. In the steamer, in which I crossed over to America, there were over 600 steerage passengers, mostly emigrants to the United States. They were of

all nationalities,—English, Welsh, Irish, Scotch, German, French, Italian, Russian, &c., and were drawn chiefly from the poorer working classes, and did not appear to be the very best specimens of their classes either. The American Government is now taking precautions to keep out the refuse of the European population from their country, but it is nevertheless a fact that for more than two centuries Europe has been pouring into America the very dregs and offscourings of its population. Very remarkable indeed has been the transforming and uplifting influence of American civilization on these undesirable elements. And the Government and social institutions, as well as the industrial civilization of America, all unique of their kind, have stamped the people with a marked individuality which it is most easy to detect.

One most prominent feature of the character of the American is his obtrusive patriotism,—a patriotism not begot so much of pride of birth, as is the case with an Englishman, as of an overweening confidence in the political institutions of the country. An American has an unbounded faith in his democratic system of government. He believes implicitly in the "Gospel of the majority;" and every child at school is instructed in the principles of the constitution which in the eyes of the people possesses an internal and immutable value, because they are supposed to embody the ideas of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

A traveller from the Far East is also struck by the fever heat at which life is lived in America. It is something oppressive—the mad rush and excitement of life in any of the large American cities. This is, of course, a noticeable feature in European countries as well, but it is ten times worse on the other side of the Atlantic. The speed at which the trains and trolly cars run, the eternal rush of people in the crowded thoroughfares, and the feverish activity at places of business and in shops—all produce a most bewildering effect on the visitor from the Orient; and he begins to wonder whether people so much absorbed in material pursuits have any time to think at all. The Americans are undoubtedly a busy people, and their activity is the outcome of their highly-developed commercial instincts and their passion for utility; but this one-sided objective activity has certainly its drawbacks. It tends to make the people prosaic; it robs them of all ideality; it compels them to apply a direct, practical, monetary test to men and measures; "to assume that the men who have got on fastest are the smartest men, and that a scheme which seems to pay well deserves to be supported." This undue commercial activity affects even the manners of the people. I missed very much in America—not of course in polite society but in ordinary business relations of life—the courtesy and politeness, not to speak of refinement, which are so conspicuous in the continental nations, more especially in the French, and I cannot help thinking that in this respect the English are far better than the Americans, though they are themselves far behind the continental nations.

The isolation and reserve so characteristic of the English and which make social intercourse so utterly hollow and insincere are entirely absent among Americans. Wheresoever Englishmen and Englishwomen congregate they are sure to be split up into a number of cliques, each divided from the other by artificial barriers, and each looking down upon the other. This is not so among Americans. Persons of all grades and classes mix together on a footing of equality, and, free from all detestable conventionalities, enjoy free social intercourse with one another. This quality of associativeness begets sympathy, and this, along with the special aptitude for organization that the Americans possess, has been specially helpful in forming powerful combinations for political and other objects—a special feature of the country. The passion for organization is so great that where two or three Americans meet together they forthwith set about to form as many societies as there are members, and start an elaborate machinery for the working of such societies.

The most remarkable feature of American education is the absence of a central controlling department giving a unity to the systems of education adopted in the country. The American cabinet as no member of education, for each State is allowed to introduce its own system of public education. In some of the Northern and Western States education is in a most advanced condition. Some of them not only provide free elementary and secondary education but also maintain free Universities. The University of Michigan, for example, with 3,000 students is a free University. Higher education is carried on by Colleges and Universities which are all private foundations managed by corporations. The degree-conferring institutions number as many as 345, with 4,670 professors and 67,623 students. It must be remembered that in America degrees are conferred not only by Universities but also by several of the large Colleges. If we take University, in the sense in which it is used in England, as a place where teaching of a higher order is given in the liberal arts, then, according to such a great authority as Prof. Bryce, not more than twelve, and possibly only eight or nine of the American institutions, would fall within the definition. Most of the degree-conferring institutions in America, he thinks, would answer more

to the description of Grammar schools in England Theor *gymnasia* in Germany. Some of the well-known Universities provide special facilities for post-graduate courses; and in the different departments of science original work of a very high order is being produced both by the students and professors. The education of women has been pushed on with marked vigour in the United States. There are over 200 institutions for the superior instruction of women, and about two-thirds of these are authorized by law to confer degrees. The system of co-education,—the admission of women along with men in the same institutions, has been tried, more especially in the Colleges in the West, and, according to competent educational authorities, it seems to have proved a success. The mixing of the sexes is reported to have had a salutary effect on the manners and general tone of the students. There are some excellent technical schools in the country, such as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (Boston), Steven's Institute of Technology (New York), &c. It is extremely difficult to make a general estimate of the educational condition of the American nation. If we are to judge of it by the nature of the newspapers that constitute the daily intellectual pabulum of the masses, it cannot be regarded as very high. The American Journals, compared with English Journals, are very inferior in merit. Even the first-class New York Journals pander to the sensational instincts of the masses, and give very little in the way of solid thinking matter in their columns. Prof. Bryce thinks that the Americans are an educated people compared with the whole mass of the population in any European country, except Switzerland, parts of Germany, Norway, Iceland and Scotland; that is to say the average of knowledge is higher, the habit of reading and thinking more generally diffused than in any other country. But he thinks that the education of the masses is nevertheless a superficial education. 'It is sufficient to enable them to think they know something about the great problems of politics insufficient to shew them how little they know."

Women hold a unique position in America, for nowhere is the idea that woman is man's equal so strongly rooted as in this country. In no country in the world are women made so much of. The wife owns in her own house a more independent and prominent position in America than in England. The women have forced their way into almost all the professions more largely than in any of the countries of Europe. You find them everywhere employed usefully as clerks, secretaries, doctors, lawyers, and several have even entered the Christian ministry. They form an overwhelming majority of teachers, and the opinion is gaining ground that for children women form better teachers than men. The intercourse between the sexes is more easy and unrestrained than even in England. All this may sound very strange to an Oriental; for he cannot understand such freedom of intercourse among the youths of both the sexes, accustomed as he is to the idea that the only safeguard for the virtue of a woman is her seclusion. It is futile to compare the chastity of Indian women with that of their sisters in the West; the conditions of life are utterly different. That an American girl is all the purer for her intimate knowledge of the world, and for the freedom of intercourse she enjoys with the opposite sex, is clearly shewn by the constancy and concord that are features of the average American home. Give woman the highest and most liberal education she is capable of, instil her with the principles of true religion and morality, and she will be proof against all temptations, and be all the nobler and stronger and purer for the freedom granted to her.

An Indian visitor, who sets foot on American soil, after a sojourn in Europe, cannot help noticing the prejudice there is in that country against coloured people in general. This prejudice does not manifest itself in any opposition but in an isolation and exclusiveness which are at times most embarrassing. On the continent of Europe and in England a dark skin is a recommendation or it ensures its possessor an exceptionally cordial treatment. An Indian visitor is most welcome at even the fashionable hotels in Europe and is often made much of; but in America an Indian is mistaken for a half caste, and as a rule finds it difficult to get admission into the hotels. But it is a mistake to draw any general inferences as to the attitude of the whites towards the coloured population of America from incidents such as these. The kindness and sympathy that Indians meet with from American friends shew that as regards hospitality and cordial treatment of strangers, the Americans yield to no other nation in the world. In order, therefore, to understand the exact relation between the white and coloured population in America, one must realize fully the position that the negro held in American society before the abolition of slavery; and this one who is not an American, is unable to do. Before the abolition of slavery the negro was treated as no better than a brute. He had no social status of any kind. But since he has been made a free man and an American citizen the progress of the negro has been phenomenal; though it will be some time before a radical change will be effected in him to fit him to hold his own with the free-born American.

There is of course still a sharp line of demarcation between blacks and whites in America, and, though there is no positive ill-feeling among

the races, still there is a great deal of prejudice on the part of the whites against the blacks. There are alarmists in America who are for ever raising the cry that the negroes are swamping the white population. But there seems to be no ground for such a fear. There are of course people in America who believe in the inherent depravity of the negro and his incapacity for improvement of any kind, but the history of the negro in America belies such a theory; for the events of the last century clearly shew that the negro has immense power for self-uplifting, though for years it will be necessary to guide and stimulate him. Christian philanthropists have done a great deal already, and it is to them that the negroes can look up to for real sympathy, for it is they that are guided by the principle which made Dr. Hall exclaim: "I do not care whether a man is black or white or yellow or chocolate-coloured, if he has in himself the idea of Christ, of doing as Christ did when He sat by the well in this low world of ours. If he has time to visit the hungry, and the weary and the sad, he is good enough for me."

People in India have strange notions as regards the place that the Christian religion holds among the Americans. In a free country such as America, which has been the refuge of people with all sorts of views and opinions, there is no doubt considerable temptation to strike out new paths in religion and to try new spiritual experiments. But it would be doing a great injustice to America if we were to regard it as a land of strange sects and abnormal religious developments. It is true any one with an eccentric religious creed will be sure to secure a hearing, and even a following in America, but there is no doubt of the fact, that, notwithstanding all such new departures, Christianity has a firm grip of the nation as a whole, "touching and gilding the imagination of the people, redeeming their lives from commoness, and bathing their souls in 'the light that never was on sea or land.'" The State, of course, recognizes no national religion. There is no established Church in America as there is in England; notwithstanding this the State governments do give to Christianity a sort of recognized position. Each House of Congress has a Chaplain and opens its proceedings each day with prayers. Prayers are offered in the State Legislatures, and State Governors issue proclamation for days of religious observance. In some States the laws restricting or forbidding trade or labour on Sundays are rather stringent. As Prof. Bryce puts it: "Christianity is in fact understood to be, though not the legally-established religion, yet the national religion.........They (the Americans) deem the general acceptance of Christianity to be one of the main sources of their national prosperity, and their nation a special object of the Divine favour." The influence of a religion is best tested by its effects on the character of the nation, and the way it moulds and directs life and conduct. Professor Bryce is of opinion that Christianity is certainly the most potent factor in governing the life and in moulding the mind of the country. The ethical standard of the average man is the Christian standard. Then again, in works of active beneficence, no country has surpassed, perhaps none has equalled, the United States, and this beneficence is the outcome chiefly of the religious impulse of the nation. It is Christianity that has supplied the emotional stimulus to this great nation, that has made them take the leading place in philanthropy and active benevolence among the nations of the world.

"Modesty" and "Vanity."

MODESTY and Vanity! Does not the contrast seem inadequate? Modesty and Boldness should be contrasted, not Modesty and Vanity. And yet let us think a little. Does not Boldness proceed chiefly from Vanity? Unless a person has self-confidence and a confidence of one's own worth, whether that confidence is justified or not;—in other words, unless a person has vanity,—that person cannot be bold; cannot thrust his-self, or her-self forward. And so,—not taking the other aspects of the question, though these will be obvious enough, if we think of them, —Modesty and Vanity can be put in opposition to each other.

Ravi Varma's "Vanity" is wellpictured. There is the same boldness in the eye, the same insolence of triumph, that one notices in the pictures given of the character of Covetousness in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The lady seems to be inflated with her own vanity. In Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' in the second book, one of the temptations which try Sir Guyon, is Perissa, or Desire:

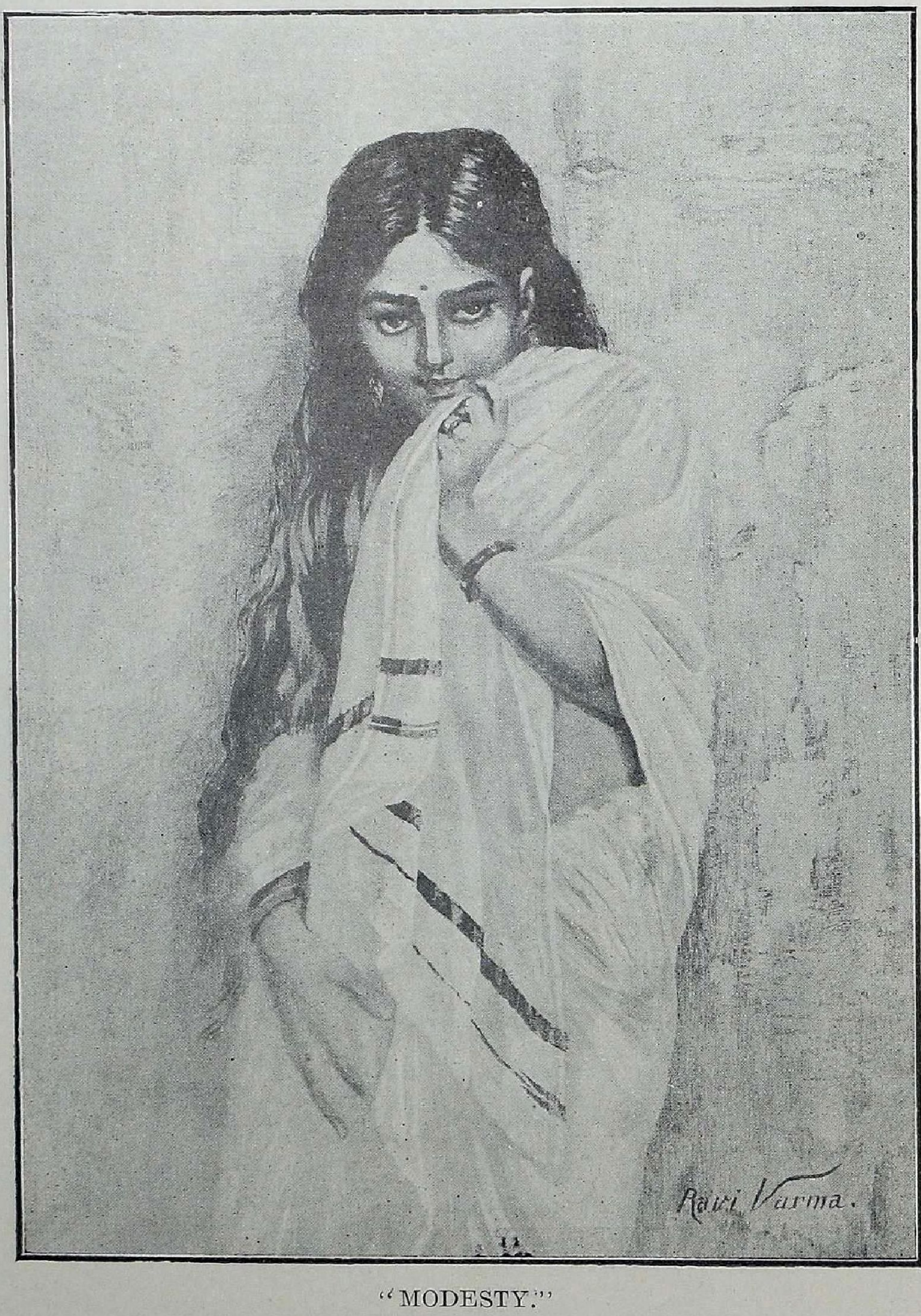
> "Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
> And quite contrary to her sisters, kind;
> No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
> But poured out in pleasure and delight."

Could not Perissa well stand as the description of the picture of our Vanity?

In the same second book of the 'Faerie Queene,' Medina is described as the mean of

" VANITY."

(From the picture by Ravi Varma.)



"MODESTY."

(From the picture by Ravi Varma.)

Temperance—a mean between the excess and the defect of pleasure :

> "But temperance (said he) with golden squire
> Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
> Neither to melt in pleasures whot desire,
> Nor fry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene."

Medina may well be taken to be a counterpart of our Modesty. And yet, Ravi Varma's picture does not seem to be the true picture of modesty, as it ought to be. Notice the eyes ; are they the eyes of modesty ? Nay, they are the alluring orbs of false shyness and pure coquetry. Modesty's eyes should have no alluring in them ; at least, if they do allure, it must be an unconscious charm, an innocent attraction, which shines from beautiful orbs, as clear as day and as innocent as children's hearts. There must be a difference between false modesty and true modesty. The latter is often to be seen amongst us—among Indian women. The idea is that Indian ladies must be shy—they must not be seen by or talk to men. They must comport themselves with lowered eyes and bashful faces. It does not matter what they think ; it does not matter mind what they talk at home—scandal or gossip or marriage talk. So long as they behave with apparent modesty, it is enough. But, is this not false modesty ?

True modesty is the modesty of heart and mind, as well as of looks. True modesty does not only comport itself well ; it also thinks modestly and talks modestly. The heart of a modest woman is like the heart of a child—innocent, pure, sweet, shy, refined, shunning all evil, all impurity, all vulgarity, in thought, word or deed. A modest woman is like the Una of Spenser's Færie Queene—the ideal of the heavenly beauty of the Soul, as opposed to mere earthly beauty. Una teaches truth to the rough satyrs. At the sight of her, even the lion loses its fierceness. The wild wood-gods are astonished at her beauty ; the wood nymphs flock round her in admiration. Such is the power of modesty. Beauty and truth are identical. The highest beauty is the beauty of the soul, which gives a radiance as of inner light even to the plainest of countenances. Modesty does not necessarily mean shyness and prudery. Modesty may have to go into the haunts of evil. But, through all evil, it will go unscathed, preserving its own sweet dignity and purity, and at the sight of its innocent beauty, sometimes even the worst of men will repent of their wickedness.

One of the truest attributes of modesty seems to be reserve, a retiring backwardness, a dignity of self-respect. Modesty must have this. Shyness to appear much in public also would seem to be a part of modesty ; but, if necessary, modesty would not hesitate to take a prominent part in affairs. It would take the lead—and yet be modesty.

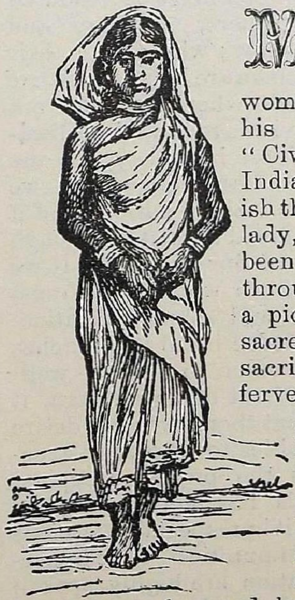
Then has modesty to have no lightness of heart, no joy ? Oh no.

> "Am I wrong to be always so happy ? This world is full of grief ;
> Yet there is laughter of sunshine, to see the crisp green in the leaf.
> Daylight is singing with song-birds, and brooklets are crooning by night,
> And why should I make a shadow, where God makes all so bright ?"

And yet, with joy, should be sober-mindedness, a measure of seriousness, a great deal of reserve and retiringness—if such a word could be used. Virtue, purity, innocence, joy, reserve, self-respect, prudence, gentleness, humility, kindness, great-heartedness—all these and more seem to me to be included in modesty.

K.

Female Education in Travancore.



MR. Romesh Chandra Dutt writes about the position of our women in Ancient India, in his admirable work on "Civilization in Ancient India," thus :—"We cherish the picture of the cultured lady, Viswavara, which has been handed down to us through thousands of years, a pious lady who composed sacred hymns, performed sacrifices, and with simple fervency invoked the God Agni to regulate and keep within virtuous bounds the mutual relations of married couples. We meet with the names of other ladies, also, who were among the writers of sacred hymns of the Rig Veda. Hindu women held an honoured place from the dawn of Hindu civilization four thousand years ago ; they inherited and possessed property ; they took a share in sacrifices and religious duties ; they attended great assemblies on State occasions ; they often distinguished themselves in science and the learning of their times. And they even had their legitimate influence on Politics and Administration ; and although they have never mixed so freely in the Society of men as women do in Modern Europe, yet

absolute seclusion and restraint are not Hindu customs; they were unknown to India till the Mohamedan times. *No ancient nation held their women in higher honour than the Hindus*;"... "The historian of India, who has studied the literature of ancient Hindus, will have no hesitation in asserting that never in the most polished days of Greece and Rome, were women held in higher regard in their countries than they were in India three thousand years ago...Considered as the intellectual companions of their husbands, as their friends and loving helpers in the journey of life, as the partners of their religious duties and the centre of their domestic bliss, Hindu wives were honored and respected in ancient times." In another place he remarks: "We saw in our account of the Epic Period that ladies sometimes devoted themselves to the pursuit of Philosophy, that one of them distinguished herself among the learned men of the court of Janak."

According to the Shastras, the mother is to be revered a thousand times more than the father. That we must honour our women and treat them with great regard is quite plain from the following rules of Manu. "Women must be honoured and adored by their fathers, mothers and husbands and brothers-in-law; who desire their own welfare." "Where women are honoured, there the gods are pleased, but where they are not honoured, no sacred rite yields reward." Education and honoured position in society are the rightful inheritance of Indian women. If we want to raise India in the scale of nations and if we wish to become enlightened it must be through the hearty co-operation of our women. If we want the co-operation of our women, we must give them good training and sound education. A wide diffusion of knowledge in all its branches is a factor of the highest value to the true well-being of every nation. About fifty years ago, it may safely be asserted that there was no desire among the rural communities to impart instruction to their girls. But the prejudice against the education of our girls has worn away and there is no opposition to it in respectable families and even among rural communities. The importance and value of education are highly spoken of both by men and women. An ardent desire to give instruction to their sisters, wives and daughters has sprung up in the minds of our women and the parents take pride and delight in seeing their girls educated.

Travancore is a picturesque Native State in Southern India. It is the seat of very old Hindu royalty, where female education is also of a very ancient origin. It is cherished as a precious relic of a civilization that has descended undiminished to the present time. Every Travancorean is very zealous in furthering the education of his sisters, nieces and wives. No Travancore girl is allowed to grow up without a fair knowledge of reading and writing her mother-tongue—Malayalam—and in many of the respectable families instruction is also imparted in Sanskrit to girls for the understanding of religious books such as the Ramayana and the Mahabharatha. They are also instructed in their national music and are trained to take part in their pretty dances such as *Thiruvathira Kali* and *Kolattam*, so well-known in Malabar and Southern India. Besides these, instruction in English, needle-work, drawing and in various other branches of knowledge is also given them. They are also taught to play upon English musical instruments by European teachers. Since the accession of His Highness the present Maharajah, a vast and liberal educational policy has been inaugurated and the progress in the education of our boys and *especially girls* has been advancing in giant strides from year to year. It is also satisfactory to note that, in point of female education, the model State of Travancore occupies the foremost rank among the Native States. The present satisfactory condition of female education is mainly due to the personal interest practically evinced, and to the liberal support rendered, by His Most Gracious Highness the Maharajah. In very few places do we find any one equal to His Highness in giving such encouragement and support to the cause of female education. I record this, not because I am bound to praise him as a dutiful and loyal subject of His Highness, but because we are all very much pleased with his liberality and kind support in this direction. It is an admitted fact that the disinterested encouragement and support rendered by the Maharajah with such unparalleled generosity to the cause of women's education, are things, to which not we alone are grateful, but to which the future generations of His Highness' subjects also will be grateful.

Even at the remote period of 1857, a Primary English School for imparting instruction to boys and girls of Government servants, especially Eurasians, was started on a low scale in the capital and placed under the management of a woman teacher paid by the Government. This institution had the firm and active support of Mrs. Maltby, wife of the then Resident at the Courts of Travancore and Cochin. Through her liberal support, the institution showed indeed considerable progress, so much so that she suggested the appointing of a European lady to manage the Institution. About the year 1876, Miss Abel, a European lady, was appointed to carry on the work of the institution. She paved the way for a sound English education to our girls. During her management, various improvements were made in the school and she was

much appreciated for her refined mode of teaching. After a period of about two years, she resigned her post and was succeeded by Miss L. Mainwaring as Lady Superintendent. She also worked hard for the welfare of her girl pupils and grew very popular, and retired after working sincerely for the cause of female education for a period of about nine years. Her management was 'increasingly creditable alike to herself, beneficial in a high degree to the people and gratifying to His Highness' Government.' On her retirement in the year 1878 she was succeeded by Miss A. C. Donnelly, who was connected with this institution for a long period and whose revered name is gratefully cherished by every Travancorean, as the Lady Superintendent. After the appointment of Miss Donnelly as the head of that institution, a fresh impetus was given to female education and schools for girls were established in every large centre of population throughout the State. She revised the whole curriculum and introduced a new set of the best modern text-books. It was during her regime that the institution was raised to the standard of a High School and native girls of all castes and creeds began to join the school. She introduced drawing, which afterwards became a favourite subject with our girls, into the school curriculum from the infant class to the highest standard. In the year 1895, the Travancoreans bade adieu to Miss Donnelly. She was succeeded by Miss S. B. Williams, M.A., the present Lady Principal of His Highness the Maharajah's High School and College for girls, who opened the present well-built building in May 1895. As a lasting tribute to the respect in which Miss Donnelly was held, and in recognition of her meritorious services done for the progress and welfare of the girls in Travancore, a handsome portrait of her was unveiled in the hall of the new building and a library has also been founded in her name. Miss S. B. Williams, M.A., who succeeded Miss Donnelly as Lady Principal, still continues to hold that envious position. She is a cultured lady of high intellectual attainments. During her period, vast improvements have been effected and the High School was raised to the rank of a Second Grade College and is affiliated with the University of Madras. Through her hard and willing work for the past ten years, female education has begun to spread wider and wider, and schools for imparting instruction to girls are being started in every nook and corner of the State. The State of Travancore, if I am not mistaken, has always had the distinction of being more advanced in the point of education than most other parts of India. Even then, there is yet much to be done in point of female education. The difficulties and evils, apart from social and racial customs and usages, are many and serious. But, year after year, the desire for female education is increasing, and the Government are sympathetic enough to establish schools for girls even in the most backward places. This creates a great demand for more qualified lady teachers everywhere, but the Government, I am sorry to note, has not yet become alive to the great need of qualified women teachers, especially Hindus, for native girls' schools. The State possesses only one Training School at the capital for lady teachers and that one is doing useful work in this connection. But the general impression is, that this institution does not attract a sufficiently large number of teachers to qualify themselves to meet the demand. So, to meet this requirement, the Government must, in the interests of the general public, establish more Normal Schools for the training of female teachers, in every important town, with liberal grants and handsome scholarships. This will induce Hindu girls to come forward for education and training as teachers. Hindu girls (especially Brahmins) do not continue their studies for a long period, owing to social and other difficulties. The present pernicious system of appointing male teachers in female schools, and of inspecting these girls' schools by the very same persons who inspect the boys' schools, stands as a check to the progress of female education in the country. These systems, if put a stop to, will induce many a Hindu girl to continue their studies at school for a longer period. My idea is that inspecting Officers connected with girls' schools should be women and that the appointment of a few Inspectresses, Assistant and Sub-Assistant Inspectresses to inspect and supervise the various girls' schools established throughout the State would produce wonderful results in female education. This was an important subject discussed in the second session of the "Srimoolam Popular Assembly"—a miniature Parliament instituted by His Highness the Maharajah, under the wise guidance of that talented statesman-like Dewan, Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao, C.I.E.—held in October 1905. Mr. P. Raman Tambi, B.A., M.L., a leader of the Nair community, a promising young Vakil and a representative of the town of Trivandrum, brought forward for discussion at the Assembly, that Lady Inspectors should be appointed to supervise the girls' schools in the State. He remarked that home tuition was preferable to education in public shools, that the treatment accorded to female teachers by their male superiors bordered on discourtesy and rudeness. He also observed that the curriculum of studies needed a thorough revision on new lines and said that if those reforms were made, female education in the State would become very popular and girls' schools would increase in strength and efficiency. Mr. V. P. Madhava, who presided over the deliberations of the

Assembly, very courteously replied that the subject was under the consideration of the Government and he would endeavour to meet the wishes of the people in the appointment of Lady Inspectors. There are only a very few Hindu ladies, even among Nairs, who are not so shackled by caste and social prejudices as the Brahmins, who pursue their studies farther and learn enough to become teachers and those few belong to the well-to-do classes. The present system of inspection of girls' schools by male Inspectors does not allow those few respectable ladies, who are qualified to teach others, to take up appointments as teachers in various schools. The Sister State of Cochin has a little more advanced than the State of Travancore in the appointment of Lady Inspectors to supervise the girls' schools in the State. Even at present, the State possesses one or two Lady Inspectors and I am glad to learn that it has offered the post of a Lady Inspector on Rs. 150 per mensem to a sister of Dr. Swaminathan, M.A., of Madras. This is a step in the right direction and the State is to be congratulated on its wise policy, adopted for the progress of female education in the country.

As a class the Brahmins are superior to other Hindus in intellect, and as such their services can be utilized for good and noble work. The best class to be made use of for teaching our girls is our Brahmin and other Hindu widows who are now-a-days neglected and are spending a miserable life. These unfortunates and miserable creatures, will, if sufficient training is given them, be the best teachers that could be supplied to the female schools which are springing up in different centres of the State. It would only be a boon to this neglected class and an advantage to the education of our girls, if we utilize their services for educational and other useful purposes. We have all over our State and its neighbouring parts many helpless widows who are totally neglected. In order to induce these helpless and down-trodden young widows to come forward for education and training as teachers, the Government, with its wonted liberality and sympathy, must sanction a large amount of money for guardian allowances, besides scholarships, to enable elderly female relatives to accompany them. Arrangements should also be made for the special education of high caste widows in His Highness the Maharajah's College and High School for girls. Separate classes should be formed for their benefit and they should be given special instruction which will be useful to teach our girls. In this connection, I am compelled to state that the sister State of Mysore where caste is strong and no remarriage of widows would be allowed, like the sister State of Cochin has stolen a march on our State. The Director of Public Instruction, Madras, in one of his reports, refers to a few Brahmin ladies as having passed the B.A. and F.A. examinations of the Madras University. These ladies were given instruction in the Maharajah's College for girls in Mysore. There are also many young Brahmin widows who receive special instruction in this College and secure success in different examinations. A few of them are also holding good and responsible positions as teachers in various parts of the country. But, I am very sorry to note, that we have never heard of any Brahmin lady prosecuting her studies at least up to the Matriculation Standard here. Certainly this is a sad want and our benign Government should make the necessary arrangements to put down this evil. The State of Travancore would not be wanting in such Brahmin girls and qualified female teachers, if the Government would be kind enough to offer some liberal scholarships and Guardian allowances to young widows and other helpless and forlorn ladies and give them a trial.

The present salary given to female teachers is ridiculously inadequate even to lead a *common decent living* in their *native places*. This is also another evil that mars the progress of female education in the State. The low salaries of Rs. 7, 6, 5, and even Rs. 4 per month paid to the teachers does not tend to get many qualified and respectable Hindu ladies to take up posts in the Educational service of the country. The position of these qualified female teachers should be improved very much by giving a reasonable increase to their present small pittance. The lowest pay of a qualified female teacher should, at least, be Rs. 10 (ten) per mensem and the pay of a more highly qualified teacher should be proportionately higher. Therefore I would suggest that the Government, in the interests of female education, should grant a general and liberal increase in the pay of teachers. This increase in the pay of teachers will induce other qualified Hindu ladies also to accept the post of teachers and work for the cause of female education in their motherland. If the few suggestions that I have noted in this article were taken for consideration and put into practice by our benign Government, they will induce other girls also to attend these schools and continue there till they attain a high standard of efficiency in teaching and other subjects. They will, if carried out, lend an aditional help to spread education among the girls and women of our State.

V. K. AIYAR.

Romances of the French Throne.

(*Pen and ink sketches of famous women*).

[By Jean Delaire.]

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

VIII.—ANNE D'AUTRICHE.

IN the gallery of royal women, who have left their mark on the pages of French history, Anne d'Autriche occupies one of the most prominent places, for like Blanche de Castille and Catherine de Medicis Anne was proclaimed regent of the kingdom after the death of her consort, King Louis XIII, and many years wielded absolute authority in the name of her son, Louis XIV; yet, however indulgently one may view her foibles, it cannot be said that, like Blanche de Castille, she governed the country wisely or well. But Anne d'Autriche in the long and difficult period of her regency, surrounded on all sides by enemies, and confronted with a civil war which at one time threatened the kingdom with utter ruin,—Anne as head of the State, the secret wife of Mazarin, the all-powerful minister— Anne as a woman already advanced in years, obstinate, violent, imperious, weak and strong at the same time, was a strangely different character from the beautiful, headstrong, but always lovable girl, who at an early age had been married by proxy to the young King of France, Louis XIII, and had come from Spain to her new kingdom amid the rejoicings of two nations.

It is those first years of her wifehood that should be studied to find the real woman, as yet unspoilt by the depravity of Court life, free and happy, in spite of the cold and studied indifference of the King, and the thinly veiled hostility of the Queen-Mother. It is those years which hold the one romance of her life—her attachment to the Duke of Buckingham, "the only man," says her confident, Madame de Chevreuse, "whom the Queen ever loved with passion."

If ever History reads like fiction, if ever the records of the past throb with life and sudden brilliancy, it is in the story of the amours of Buckingham and the young Queen of France—*la petite reine*, as she was lovingly called, to distinguish her from the Queen-mother, Marie de Medicis.

If contemporary writers are to be believed, Anne d' Autriche, daughter of Philippe III of Spain, was of a rare and truly regal beauty: unfortunately most of the portraits of the Queen that are still in existence—including the famous one by Philippe deChampagne—represent her as regent of the kingdom, therefore already well-advanced in years, with coarsened features and little trace of that beauty which was at one time the talk of all Europe. But in the days of her youth, Anne is said to have had the shape of a goddess, tall and majestic, with eyes "as deep and as transparent as the sea," a delicate complexion, a lovely mouth, beautiful hair of the colour known as *blond cendre*, and hands as perfect in shape as those of a Greek statue. In spite of so many charms, however, her royal consort—that morose figure of a king, old at twenty-five—remained unmoved and in-different, taking little notice of his young wife, save to vent on her his frequent fits of spleen and jealousy.

That until the arrival of Buckingham the jealousy of the king was quite unfounded, is almost certain; the Queen-Consort was high-spirited, pleasure-loving and witty, and it was but natural that she should accept, a little too eagerly, perhaps, the flattery and adulation of the many clever and brilliant men who surrounded her; but it is well-nigh proved that until she met Buckingham her conduct had been irreproachable, and Buckingham himself, the magnificent, the all-conquering, did not easily win her love, or rather did not easily obtain a confession of this love.

The first meeting of the lovers took place at the time when the young Prince of Wales, accompanied by Buckingham, traversed Paris on his way to Madrid; and of this first meeting with the young Queen of France, it is said that both the Prince of Wales and his companion retained an ineffaceable impression. Two years later, Buckingham was sent to the Court of France as Ambassador-extraordinary to propose a marriage between the Prince of Wales and Princess Henriette-Marie, sister of Louis XIII. The Ambassador was successful in his negotiations, and on the 11th of May, 1625, the young Princess was wedded by proxy to the Prince of Wales at the Church of Notre-Dame in Paris. He was less successful in his wooing of the Queen, in spite of every imaginable device to obtain from her a secret interview. Already the jealousy of the King was awakened—or re-awakened—and the Queen-Mother was not slow to accuse her daughter-in-law of a sin she had not yet committed. So carefully watch-

ed over and guarded was the young Queen, both by the King's mother and by her own ladies-in-waiting, that a meeting with her lover seemed an absolute impossibility. But Buckingham was madly enamoured, and determined to risk all, his favour at court, his fortune, his life even, to win a smile from the Queen.

He had a friend and ally in the Duchesse de Chevreuse, lady-in-waiting to Anne d'Autriche, and one of the most brilliant and unprincipled women of her time. To favour the suit of Buckingham, the duchess gave a grand entertainment at her Paris mansion, to which the King and Queen were invited. The fete proved an eventful one, and, indeed, the narrative of Buckingham's behaviour on that memorable day reads more like a fairy tale than sober historical fact.

Soon after the Queen had arrived at the Duchesse de Chevreuse's residence, she expressed a wish to stroll in the grounds surrounding the palace; after walking some little distance, accompanied only by the duchess, she was accosted by a man in the garb of a gardener, who, kneeling in front of her path, offered her a bunch of rare flowers and a basket of fruit. As the Queen was about to accept the gift, she glanced at the man who offered it, when lo! the gallant gardener stood revealed as the Duke of Buckingham himself! The Queen had barely recovered from her surprise, when a wondrously garbed Magician appeared on the scene, who offered to tell their fortune to the assembled guests. This time again, no doubt by some contrivance of the duchess, the queen was at some distance from her suite when the Magician approached her and boldly took her hand to read Fate in its lines...But more than one pair of eyes were watching the Queen, and saw her blush and tremble, when the wizard took her hand and spoke to her for a long while in a low, impassioned voice...Immediately a rumour ran through the crowd that the famous Magician was no other than Buckingham in disguise!

The fete ended by a great ball, and once more the enamoured Buckingham, this time so cleverly masked as to be mistaken by every one for a young friend of his, the Chevalier de Guise, was able to approach the Queen and whisper in her ears words of passionate love. After dancing with him several times Anne, with the King and their suite, was leaving the duchess' house in the small hours of the morning, when, as the Queen was about to step into her chariot, a laquey, wearing the livery of the Chevreuse, bent the knee before her, but, instead of opening the carriage door, boldly offered his hand...Surprised, the Queen bent to look more closely at the man, dimly seen in the pale light of dawn, then drew back with a muffled cry, for under this last and strangest disguise she once more recognised the Duke of Buckingham!

ANNE D'AUTRICHE.

The tale of these adventures naturally flew like wild fire through the Court and the town, and, when it became known, probably by the indiscretion of a valet, that Lord Buckingham constantly wore next to his heart a miniature of the Queen, set in diamonds, which he was believed to have received from the Queen's own hands, then the scandal became great, indeed. From that day the young Queen was guarded more zealously than ever—but with such a mad lover as Buckingham, of what avail were guardians and duennas! Yet the romance, so gaily begun ended in sadness, and, for the Queen at least, in life-long regret.

Once the marriage between the Princess

Henriette-Marie and the Prince of Wales had been celebrated—with little pomp, owing to the recent death of James the First,—there was no longer any pretext for Buckingham to prolong his stay in France; besides, to him fell the honour of escorting the royal bride to England; and in the following month of June Buckingham left Paris, nevermore to return to it, nor, save for one last interview at Amiens, to see the woman he had so ardently loved. This last meeting, at which only an old duenna was present, was almost as romantic as those that had preceded it, and certainly more dramatic.

The French Court had accompanied the new Queen of England as far as Amiens, whence, under the care of Buckingham, she journeyed by slow stages to Boulogne. Arrived there at last, the royal party found the sea so rough and the winds so threatening, that it was deemed impossible to cross for some days at least. Immediately Buckingham sent word to Anne of this delay, and soon after, pretexting an urgent communication from the King of England, he returned post haste to Amiens.

Anne d'Autriche was indisposed and resting on her bed, with old Madame de Lannoy at her side, when Buckingham was announced. Losing all control over himself at the sight of his beloved, the duke fell on his knees before the bed, crying out his love with so much fervour and passion, that the lady-in-waiting told him in severe tones that it was not usual in France to speak so freely to crowned heads. To which Buckingham answered fiercely: "I am not French, Madame, and the customs of France do not bind me, I am George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Ambassador of the King of England; I myself, therefore, am the representative of a crowned head, and thus have no orders to receive of any one but the Queen." With these words he turned once more towards Anne and seeing her face soften with pity, he cried wildly:—"On my knees, Madame, do I await your orders, and I will obey them in all things, save only if you command me not to love you!" And, as the Queen was silent, the duenna could not refrain from another outburst:—"Jesus Dieu! Madame," "he has dared tell your Majesty that he loves you!" "Yes, I love you," protested the duke, "I love you as men love God, and I will confess this love in the face of all the world, for there is no power on earth or in heaven which can forbid my loving you. . . Henceforward, my sole desire on earth will be to see you once more, and I shall obtain my wish, in spite of the King and all his ministers, and even though all Europe stood in the way!" Then, covering the Queen's hands with kisses and tears, Buckingham left the royal presence—for ever.

Anne d'Autriche never forgot him: until his tragic death, they secretly corresponded, in spite of the strict watch set upon her actions by the King, the Queen-Mother, and her arch enemy, Cardinal Richelieu.

The years slipped by, and Anne d'Autriche, left a widow with two sons, the elder of whom was to become *Le Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV, was declared Regent of the Kingdom. Never perhaps was a woman's reign so embittered by ceaseless feuds as was the regency of Anne d'Autriche during the troubled times of the *Fronde* war. Her right hand through these long and difficult years was that clever, ambitious and astute politician, the *Protege* of Richelieu and his worthy successor, Cardinal Mazarin, whom the Queen was said to have secretly married. His power over her mind and heart were evident to all, but some words of Cardinal Richelieu to the Queen, when first he introduced Mazarin to the royal presence, throw a curious light on Anne's attachment to this man,—a man apparently of too cold and calculating a nature to inspire a passion to a woman as highly strung and romantic as the Queen. *"Vous l'aimerez,* Madame," the Cardinal had dared to say in presenting Mazarin—*"il a de l'airde Buckingham"*.

The Cardinal's prophecy was fulfilled: Anne d'Autriche loved Mazarin, and the proud Queen, who had long resisted "the irresistible Buckingham," stooped to a man of obscure, not to say ignoble origin—crafty, invested egoist, him with almost absolute power; in every way unlovable; but she loved him, as Richelieu said because "he had a look of Buckingham"...It is curious, therefore, to note how this passion of her youth, this attachment to Buckingham, the man who for her sake was ready to sacrifice his fortune, his power, his all, should thus have influenced not only the Queen's inner life, but her political career, almost to the day of her death—Buckingham's ardent devotion to the beautiful Queen thus becoming an all-important factor in the shaping of French History.

Gray's Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

AN elegy presupposes the death of a friend or kinsman and that it is a song of sorrow written to perpetuate a memory. The term "Elegy" points to an Asian origin though in form it is Greek. The lamentation for the dead, during the days of the Carians and Lydians, was accompanied by the soft, melodious music of the Lydian flute. Later on, the themes of the early elegiac poetry of Greece were being confined to mourning for the

dead and the exposition of the poet of war, love, politics, proverbial philosophy, and so on to a sympathising society. An English elegy, from being originally a song of lamentation, has designated any poem written in distichs. In modern times, the term "elegy" is applied to any serious poem where a tone of melancholy pervades the sentiments, and as Coleridge says "elegy" is the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind.

Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* is, perhaps, the most popular poem in the language. He began his elegy in 1742 at Stoke-Pogis owing to the death of his uncle Jonathan Rogers. For several years it lay unfinished, till the sudden death of his aunt, Miss Mary Anthrobus, in 1749, brought to his recollection the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*. He seems to have taken it in hand again at Cambridge in the spirit of laziness; but, the spirit of the place possessing him, he finished it at Stoke-Pogis in 1750.

The poem has so worked into the popular imagination that it is studded with more popular phrases than any poem of equal length in the language. It possesses "the charm of incomparable felicity, of a melody that is not too subtle to charm every ear, of a moral persuasiveness that appeals to every generation and of metrical skill that in each line proclaims the master." So famous the Elegy has become since its publication, that it has exercised an influence on all the poetry of Europe, from Denmark to Italy, from France to Russia, and it has been eagerly translated into Latin verse by three different classical scholars, and into Greek by five Greek writers. With the exception of certain works of Byron and Shakespeare, no English poem has been so widely admired and imitated abroad. It has been thought high praise, even by Gray's critics, that General Wolfe, visiting his ships the night before the taking of Quebec, spoke of this poem: "I would prefer being the author of this poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow." Byron speaks of this poem as a corner-stone to Gray's glory, and Mr. Swinburne writes that, "as an elegiac poet, Gray holds for all ages to come his unassailable and sovereign station." Thus by his Elegy Gray has achieved "what no second writer has been able to succeed in doing; and his merit cannot be shown more strikingly by any circumstance than by the distance at which he has been able to place all his imitators."

The poem is a beautiful, clear and artistic expression of the thoughts that occur to serious-minded men while contemplating the great mystery of death. This, more than any other of his work, written "under the influence of strong feeling and of the vivid impressions of the beautiful in the scenery of nature," turns the poet's thoughts to a picture of Nature, the coming on of night, men lying in their graves in the churchyard, the potential greatness of the rude forefathers, etc. The poet approaches a Country Churchyard one evening and turns his eyes to many a mouldering grave of the poor rustic ancestors and thinks of the pleasurable associations of country life, such as balmy air, twittering swallows, shrill cocks, hunting bugles, etc. Death, the great leveller, knows no distinction; princes and peasants are equal in the grave; and the newly born, the powerful, the wealthy and the beautiful must all die. These thoughts strike him and he is reminded of these words from an Ode by his Friend West:—

"Ah me! what boots us all our boasted power,
Our golden treasure, and our purple state;
They cannot ward the inevitable hour,
Nor stay the fearful violence of fate."

And he says:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The imitations of Gray's immortal verse are innumerable. For instance, Gray writes,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

Bishop Hall's *Contemvlations* says: "There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor ever will be"; and two lines in Chamberlayne's Pharonnida:

Like beauteous flowers which vainly waste their [scent,
Of odours in unhaunted deserts."

Young also has in *Universal Passion*:—

"In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race."

And Pope in his *Rape of the Lock*:—

"There kept my charms concealed from mortal [eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."

Gray's political opinions are somewhat similar to those of Hyde and Falkland in the reign of Charles I. He would have resisted the king's encroachments on the liberties of the people, but would not have proceeded to extremities as did the Parliament in 1642, and so speaks of men who might have swayed the rod of empire guiltness of their country's blood.

Gray believes in the potential greatness of the peasants in the Churchyard, who, if chance occurred, would have exhibited the patriotic spirit of Hampden, the poetical fire of Milton and the political genius of Cromwell. Instead of the

names Hampden, Milton, Cromwell, there are in the original MSS. the names of Cato, Tully and Cæsar; "but," as Bradshaw remarks, "the change to well-known characters of our own country has added to the vividness as well as fixed the nationality of a poem that has been translated into so many languages." The poet, who is himself speaking through the poem, compares his life with that of his fellow creatures now lying in the Churchyard, and describes himself, his fashion and the way of spending his time and he says:—

> "Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
> While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
> Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
> With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

The poet then imagines himself to be dead and writes as it were his own epitaph. The original draft of the poem contained the following stanza just before the epitaph; but it was omitted as forming too long a parenthesis:—

> "There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

The popularity of Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* is due to the feelings and thoughts expressed, which are so universal and simple that they very easily sink into the hearts of the readers. Perhaps no poet either before or after Gray's time has written so ably and well on such commonplace topics and with such unfailing freshness and originality. His *elegy* appeals to men of all stations, of all ages and all climes. Its popularity gains strength with the time and stands as an admirable product, to be favourably compared with Tennyson's *In Memoriam, Milton's Lycidas, etc.*

The following passage in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, though it professes to refer to Virgil, seems to us to describe Gray:—

> "That which he hath writ
> Is with such judgment coloured and distilled,
> Through all the needful uses of our lives,
> That, could a man remember but his lines,
> He should not touch at any serious point,
> But he might breathe his spirit out of him."

And again:—

> "Ah! for his poesy, 'tis so rammed with life,
> That it shall gather strength of life with being
> And live hereafter more admired than now."

V. SUNDRAM AIYAR.

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—A QUARTER HOUR WITH THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

OFFICIAL methods of work are often notoriously slow and tedious, and when urgent and immediate action is necessary, they prove very inefficient methods indeed. An instance of this we had occasion to learn recently, a good deal to our bitter disappointment and vexation. When it was definitely announced that the Royal Guests would pay a visit to the ancient and historic city of Mysore, we all took it as a matter of course, that the Maharani's Girls' College would be one of the institutions of the city they would be most interested in paying a visit to. Mysore is often spoken of as "a model State," and certainly one of the reasons for its progressive tendency is the attention and importance that is given here to the problem of female education. And the Mysore Maharani's College is the institution where a liberal education is given to India's aspiring daughters.

Another reason that lent support to our hope of welcoming the Royal Guests to our College, was the one based on that invincible of all arguments, more especially here in India,—I mean the argument of *mamool* or tradition. Ever since the establishment of the school, more than twenty years ago, Mysore has scarcely had a

distinguished guest, who was not also an eager and interested visitor to the girls' school Lulled for a time, into a state of security by arguments of this kind, we let our imagination, roam freely in the realms of Dreamland. We were weaving golden dreams of the Fair Princess about whom we had already heard so much, of her interest in, and sympathy for, her poor sisters in India, and of all that we would do to strengthen and increase that interest in and sympathy for our women.

To make this assurance doubly sure, however, Miss Palethorpe, the able and energetic Lady Superintendent of the College, had officially made a request to the Dewan, Sir P. N. Krishna Murti, to arrange for a visit from the Prince and the Princess to the school. For over two months nothing was heard as to the fate of this request of Miss Palethorpe, when at last, it was made known to us that a visit, such as we had fondly hoped for and anticipated to some extent, was a thing impracticable,—probably on some occult official and technical grounds. The state of our minds on hearing this may better be imagined than described. They repeated the transformation that ripe grape experiences in its change into vinegar,—from sweet to sour!

While our spirits had thus fallen to freezing point, Miss Palethorpe, nothing daunted by official fiats and formal technicalities, was heroically thinking of ways and means, to make our dreams a reality. When the Royal Guests had arrived at the station, she made another bold venture, and this time through Mr. S. M. Fraser, the British Resident in Mysore.

In Mr. Fraser we had the advantage of an old friend, as formerly he was a member of the School committee. Like a true friend, Mr. Fraser interested himself on our behalf, and found occasion to speak to the Princess about our College, informing her at the same time of our fondly cherished hope of meeting her during her stay in Mysore. The result of this kind and friendly act was that Miss Palethorpe was informed through wire from the Kheddas that the Princess had graciously consented to meet a deputation of pupils and teachers of the College, at the Government House, on Sunday, 4th February, at 12-30 noon.

When Miss Palethorpe informed us of this kind act of Royal condescension, and asked us to be ready to meet the Princess the following day, our joy knew no bounds. A batch of eight Hindu ladies was formed as representative of the school. Three of us were students of the B.A. class, and the remaining five, our unfortunate sisters from the widows' classes.

By 12 noon, of the eventful Sunday, we were all ready, and first drove up to the house of our worthy Lady Superintendent, Miss Palethorpe. From there, under her kind leadership, we drove up to the Government House, where we arrived precisely at 12-30. We were shown into the specious verandah, where we were all seated, eagerly expecting that the Princess would send for us when she was ready to see us. It was a bright, warm day, and the Princess had arrived from the Kheddas just that morning, a couple of hours beforehand. A few minutes after our arrival, Lady Shaftesbury came and had a little talk with Miss Palethorpe. A few minutes more—and Mr. Fraser appeared, accompanied by the Princess to whom Miss Palethorpe was the first to be introduced. It was such a sudden and unexpected surprise that the Princess gave us, by her coming out herself to meet us, instead of our going out to meet her, as is the oriental way. Her Royal Highness asked a few questions of Miss Palethorpe, on matters personal. On being told that Miss Palethorpe came from Newham College, England, the Princess replied that she knew the College well, and that when she visited it last, Miss Gladstone was at the head of the Institution. She next asked a few questions of her as to our College, its strength, both as regards the pupils and the teaching staff &c. Her Royal Highness expressed her regret at her not being able to visit the College, but wished it and all connected with it every success and Godspeed. It was next our turn to be introduced in order to the Princess. On Rukminiamma being introduced, the Princess asked her if she was married. Rukminiamma answered that she was and had a daughter.

The Princess then asked her a few questions as to her work in the College, if she found it easy to teach the girls and so on, to which Rukminiamma gave prompt and suitable answers.

The next to be introduced was Subbamma, of whom, in addition to the questions put to Rukminiamma, the Princess asked how long she had been in the school.

" Ten years " was Subbamma's reply. It was my turn to be presented next, and the Princess began with the question of what I did in the school.

" I study as well as teach," I answered. When she asked me if I was married, I could scarce suppress a truant smile. Miss Palethorpe then came to my rescue and explained to the Princess that I was a teacher, a student and the proud mother of five children.

The Princess expressed herself greatly surprised and interested at this, and turning to me said " I wonder how you manage to study! "

Sundaramma, Seethamma, Lakshminarasamma, Ammakuttamma, and Kaveramma, the five child-widows, were introduced in turn next.

Sundaramma recited a few Sanskrit verses composed in honour of the Princess' visit to India.

THE LADY GRADUATES,
from the Maharani Girls' College, Mysore.

Miss Palethorpe explained in detail to the Princess the unhappy condition of child-widows in this country, and the help and encouragement that are given in the Maharani's College for these poor souls to improve and enlighten themselves. The princess expressed her feelings of sympathy and wished them everything good. Rukminiamma then garlanded the Princess and Kaveramma and Lakshminarasamma presented bouquets.

We all gave expression to our feelings of great happiness and gratitude for the very kind and gracious interview that the Princess had allowed us. The Princess also expressed herself considerably pleased, and, having shaken hands with each one of us, she bade us a very cordial and touching good-bye.

With kindly light her eyes did glow,
In accents soft her speech did flow:
In grace and love her queenly heart
Was wrought by Virtue's simple art.

SRIRANGAMMA.

Maharani's College,
Mysore.

II.—TRUE STORY OF CUBS.

(BASANT AND KAMANT.)

Let me tell you a true story of two little tiger cubs. My father was very fond of shikar, and, while once out tiger shooting in a jungle near Behrampur, he brought these cubs to us. At the time these animals were brought to our house I was a little above five years of age. It was a fine cool evening and the ladies of the harem were sitting together enjoying a chat, while, I with the girls of my age, played at Hide and Seek. Suddenly the news of my father's return from the shikar were brought in, I left off playing and ran to my mother's side, the ladies ceased chatting, and soon after father himself appeared. Eager questions were put to him as to what he had shot, and turning to me smilingly he said, "dear child, I have brought something for you, something that you will like." "What is it father, do give it me now, this very minute," I said, clapping my hands with delight, and the order was given for the cubs to be brought in. What was my joy to see two tiny yellow creatures, the size of a cat each, put before me in a rough country-made basket. They had not yet seen the light of day, they had rather an unpleasant odour about them, but I loved them for all that. An iron cage was made for the cubs, but it was not used by them, as they were free to move about at will. After a few days they opened their eyes, I used to give them milk every day, they would drink it with great relish, they became very interesting and frolicksome and would follow me like a dog. As my Basant and Kamant grew older, for such were the names I had given them, they were kept in charge of a keeper and were put in the cage every evening, while I used to play with them the whole day long. One day, Basant's wild nature took possession of him and he made his way towards the keeper's house, and there, finding the keeper's baby all alone on a charpoi, seized and killed the baby before any help could arrive. But the howls and cries of the baby soon brought in a porter, who, on seeing that the wild nature of the animal had awakened, shot him on the spot, before he could do harm to any body else. The second cub, Kamant, was at once locked in the cage and was never taken out again, and before long he was presented to the Calcutta Zoo, as a present from my father. I well remember how I mourned the loss of my beloved wild companions. And so ends the story of my tiger cubs.

A SIKH LADY.

III.—THOUGHTS OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Youth, in almost every man and woman is the most ambitious, hopeful and happy stage.

It is observed with envy by the impatient child, with regret by the aged who have lost it, and with pride by the possessor. Yet, with all these fair views of youth, it has its dark side also, for being as it is the most impressionable period of life, the hosts of temptations which are most powerful at this time, are very hard to resist.

There are perhaps very few young girls amongst those who have had the privilege of a good education, that have not their ideals and models of True Womanhood; but very few of these appear at all anxious to reach the *goal* of their ambition.

The most essential article in a young woman's room is the *mirror*, and rightly so, for how could she otherwise perform her toilet satisfactorily, make her outward appearance agreeable, see the defects in her dress and remove them? But how much more necessary is it to have a mirror for our minds constantly before us, so that we might beable to see our innerselves and remove the spots and the ugliness of our moral character.

Let us then see ourselves in this *mental mirror* and dress ourselves in the garb of Ideal Young Womanhood.

There are many faults in young girls (for they are human) which have been noticed by keen observers, and were they all to be dealt with

minutely, volumes could be written. We will therefore but take a few common ones.

The fault that I can first think of is *Moral Insincerity*. One of the greatest feminine traits is the power of being able to show what is not felt and to conceal what is felt. The history of some of the most famous women in this world will show us the wonderful way in which they have brought this power into use and the great things they have achieved through it. But this is one of those powers, which are rarely brought into good use, and, therefore, it may safely be termed a *fault* into which young girls are constantly plunging themselves, even in the most trifling matters of daily life.

The conversation of young girls, especially when they are grouped together, is seldom elating, and invariably takes the form of gossip. Any number of cases may be quoted where a girl has been in the act of maligning a so-called friend, when the friend suddenly appeared. The artful maligner instead of finding security in reticence as she naturally might do, has instead given her victim a cordial welcome or has even gone to the length of following the example of Judas by bestowing a fervent kiss. Two of the most favourite expressions of young girls are "I love" and "I hate", yet they are expressions which are hardly or never used by them meaningly or thoughtfully; in fact it seems strange that such strong superlatives should be made mere expressions of habit, but it is so.

Our next fault is frivolity or, in other words, want of definiteness of purpose. This is, I think, a less common fault than the one abovementioned, and very often arises from lack of moral culture and proper training, yet every young girl must guard against it for there is nothing so deplorable as the aimless life of a man or woman. "Why the understanding of woman should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of higher and better things, we profess ourselves not able to understand."

We may next think of the rarer faults (I trust they are rare), which have been often noticed and remarked upon. These are, want of reverence for sacred things, lack of respect for the aged, and a morbid feeling of indifference as regards a good name.

These accusations may be revelations to some who have thus far thought little or nothing about their inner defects. Let them take timely warning, for these defects, unless nipped in the bud, will surely and steadily stick to them to their dying day.

A peep at the mental mirror having thus revealed to us the defective side of our inner self and having enabled us to see ourselves in the light of our conscience, does it not become our duty to try and reform, to so remove these defects that the poor opinion held about us in general may be changed into good, and the low seat of disapprobation held by some of us may be transformed into that throne of glory which surely ought to be occupied by the Ideal woman.

The past and present history of this world brings out one rigid fact which should be borne in mind, that the women who have distinguished themselves at different times in various ways have not all been of the same type. For example, there has been the Political woman and again the Social woman and so also the Religious woman. Last but not least, there has been the womanly woman, for, can it be denied that, if woman were to follow the natural instincts with which she is endowed and which ought, and indeed are, noble, she is bound to excel in whatever she undertakes to do, provided she does not go beyond the sphere of woman?

Think of Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimean war. Think of the rude and rough soldiers in the midst of whom she went, the hardships she had to endure, even to the extent of risking her life. What was it that prompted her to go through all that she did? It was her sympathetic and womanly nature. Every action of hers, and each word that she spoke to the wounded and dying was full of compassion, love, and gentleness. Can we for a moment think, that this noble life was the result of a sudden change in Florence Nightingale, when she stepped into womanhood, after a childhood and youth spent in frivolity? Indeed not! The useful life spent by her in the midst of suffering humanity, was but an outcome of the training she had undergone in her childhood and the thoughtful and methodical life that she had led in her youth, always cultivating and using her natural gifts.

What can be a better and more noble example of a True Woman than our late Queen Victoria. The heavy responsibilities of a Queen fell on her early in life, but she bore them to perfection and proved herself a model sovereign, an ideal wife, a devoted mother, and a sincere friend.

We have a few other examples of great and good women like these, the glory of whose lives has extended beyond the years of mortality, and is like a beacon set upon a hill to guide others.

We are not here thinking of extraordinary, or especially, talented women, but ordinary good, true women who simply cultivated and made the best of their womanly qualities, which their Creator had given them.

Then, let us rise, my dear sisters, and follow the good examples set before us, however narrow or broad the spheres of our lives may be. Let us not be content in living for ourselves, but have as our motto, Glorify God and serve your neighbour. Then and then alone shall we be

able to climb the steps of Purity, Love, Truth, and Gentleness, which will take us up to the zenith of Glorious and Ideal womanhood.

IV.—WAYSIDE ECHOES.

My path is rough and thorny, Love,
Thro' wilds unknown it lies:
And Distance hides my Home of Rest
Behind the vaulted skies;
My limbs are limp with weariness,
My lips are parched with sighs:—
O come to me, where'er you be,
My sweet and Angel-guide,
I need you now, to kiss my brow,
And hold me by thy side!

The night is dark and dreary, Love,
The winds are moaning low:
The mountain-streams go roaring by,
As down the vale they flow;
And fire-flies in the mango-groves
Like winged stars they glow:—
O flash to me, where'er you be,
My bright, unfailing Light;
And softly shine, my Love Divine,
And chase this blinding night!

My heart is sad and languid, Love,
In loneliness it weeps:
My Hope has shed her fancy-wings,
In Despair's cage she sleeps;
My Faith is bent with leaden cares,
Like loveless Time she creeps:—
O fly to me, where'er you be,
My brave and conqu'ring Soul,
And help once more, to make me soar,
To heights where shines my Goal!

MAYA.

The Record of a Nair Lady.

IT was in 1811 when the Moghul army advanced to South Travancore and threatened the country with the Moslem yoke, that a rich Nair family of Neyyathankarai fled from their native village together with the inhabitants of that Taluq, leaving behind them their house, estate, and property to be swept away by the pursuing adventurers and took shelter in a woodland place of confirmed security. After the enemies were overpowered and forced to make a hasty retreat by the heroic bravery of the ancient fathers of the Nair race, the manager and supporter of that family, a brave and hardy soldier, finding that the properties of the family had, during the skirmish, fallen into alien hands, came to Trivandram with his children and settled down there in 1812. The birth of a child towards the latter part of that year, "the dearest daughter of his home and heart," was the brightest joy in his life, and marked the beginning for him of a splendid career of remarkable distinction and prosperity. Surmounting all difficulties, he found himself raised to the rank of a chief officer in the Nair Brigade. And, before several days had passed, great trusts were reposed in him by the then Maha Rajah, by whom he was, as a mark of favour, created Palace Sarvadhikaryakar—a situation at that time more honourable, important and onerous than the dewanship of to-day. This blessed child of a happy father—now of happy memory—who used to be often taken to the palace, attracted the benevolent attention of Her Highness Parvathi Bhai, and her charming manners and filial attractiveness won for her the tender regard of the Maha Rani-Regent, a regard, which in fulness of time ripened into staunch attachment and love. Her proved fidelity may, without any exaggeration whatever, be truly said to be akin to that of the celebrated Athenian lady known as "the lioness without a tongue," who, when put to torture that she might disclose the secrets of those who conspired against Pisistratides, actually bit off her tongue that she might be unable to betray the trust placed in her. This fidelity on her part caused the heroine of our sketch to be made the companion and lady-in-waiting to the Rani's only daughter, who afterwards became the glorious mother of their illustrious and talented Highnesses, the late Maha Rajahs of Travancore. Thus to all intents and purposes, our Nair lady lived the life of a princess, and, when the time for her marriage came, she was, at the instance and under the august auspices of the Maha Rani-Regent, given in wedlock to an officer of high rank. The marriage was performed in the palace itself. This officer was subsequently raised to the position of Accountant General in the State.

The married couple lived a happy life in genuine love and mutual confidence, with neither suspicion on the one hand, nor reserve on the other. They were blessed with two sons and two daughters—one of the sons becoming a thriving officer, next in rank only to that of

his worthy father. Long years afterwards, having run all the rounds of worldly pleasure, the husband quietly passed away. Her husband's death was a turning point in the life of the subject of our sketch. She took her stand on true and devoted widowhood and led the pious life of a devotee for over fifty years, until her death in 1897 in the 85th year of her life. She devoted the evening of her life to the study of religious books and she lost no opportunity to look into the inmost secrets of Hindu philosophy. She lived to see her children, grand-children, and their children, numbering about 39 souls in all. She is the type of a noble Nair lady—a type which several of her sex would do well to imitate and strive after.

S. Ramanath Aiyar.

Our Column for Discussion.

We intend opening a column in every number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, for discussion, under which three or four short papers of about half-a-column each on the subject chosen, will be inserted. A new subject will be opened every two months or three months—according to the nature of the subjects. We shall be glad to receive short articles from any one on the subjects selected. The first topic we have selected is

"Have Animals Feelings?"

In this connection we give a "True Story," which Miss Gell, the sister of Bishop Gell of Madras, of revered memory, selected from *the Sunday Magazine*, and sent us in the hope that it would interest our readers.

My Noble Protector: A True Story.

Our farm lay some ten miles distant from Brentshaw, the nearest market town. There were no railways in those days, and the journey to and fro, especially in the winter months, was sometimes anything but pleasant; but I was a stout young fellow then, with a robust sinewy frame, and

> Naught cared we for wind or weather,
> When youth and I lived on together.

My wife, however, was less indifferent to the dangers incidental to long rides through rain or snow; and after the stoppage of the mail-coach by highwaymen on the Brentshaw road not long before the event of which I write, her fears for my safety reached a pitch of nervous apprehension, that almost made me dread the market day. Since, however, I had never been molested or met with any mishap, I tried to laugh her out of her concern, while at the same time I made a point of returning as soon as my business in the town was done.

On this particular morning, as I mounted my trusty brown mare, my wife stood watching my departure at the door with an anxious face; for it was one of those boisterous March days about the time of the equinox, when wind and rain seem to contend for the mastery, and winter makes her last display of fury in the face of spring. And when I turned round at the bend of the road to wave adieu, she was still following me with her wistful eyes. With no thought of danger in my mind I rode on through the sheeted rain till I reached the town.

I had some cattle to sell that day, in addition to my other business, and overtook the driver, who had gone on with them some hours before. The transaction occupied a longer time than I anticipated but eventually I got them disposed of at a profitable price, and felt thoroughly satisfied and rather proud of my bargain, as I stuffed the bank notes into my pocket and pictured the smile on my wife's face when I displayed them to her.

The wind was still high, and the huge masses of black cloud scudding across the heavens made it prematurely dusk; but a full moon ever and anon sailed out from the storm-wreck and flooded the road with its silver radiance.

As I was leaving the inn, I had noticed a dog that seemed bent on following me, and I brandished my whip to send it back. After getting out of the town, chancing to look back, I saw the animal still following. It was a powerful mastiff, as I could descry, and though it retreated to a short distance when I wheeled round and again raised my whip threateningly over it, I had no sooner resumed my journey than it came trotting behind as persistently as before. Moreover, in spite of my surly treatment, it never uttered a growl or made a remonstrance of any kind, but simply dogged my heels, till, from sheer compunction, I forbore further efforts to rid myself of its companionship; and every time I looked behind there was the obstinate creature quietly jogging on in the rear.

I had got about halfway homewards, and had reached an old disused mill, whose dilapidated walls looked somewhat picturesque in the moonlight, when suddenly two men darted out from the shadow of the building, and one of them lunged forward to seize my bridle. Before I could recover presence of mind to lift my whip, the only

weapon of defence I had, the mastiff sprang with a savage growl on my assailant, and brought him down to the ground with such violence, that he lay stunned and apparently helpless. At the same moment I saw his accomplice thrust his hand into his bosom and produce a pistol; but before he could discharge it at the dog, I had dismounted, and, striking it out of his hand with my whip, grappled with him desperately for a minute or two, till I managed to deal him a blow on the head that made him reel. Meanwhile, the mastiff remained standing over his prey, ready to use his fangs should he offer the slightest resistance.

My horse had reared violently at the instant when the assault was made, but she had not deserted her master in his extremity, and I found her standing by the roadside not fifty yards from the scene of the adventure. In a trice I was on her back, and she wanted no second touch of my spurs to carry me at her quickest pace homewards.

In the excitement of the moment I forgot my noble deliverer, but after I had put a couple of miles between myself and danger, I drew rein and looked behind to ascertain whether he was still following. Waiting his appearance for a second or two in vain, I pushed onward in apprehension of another attack from freebooters, nor slacked my pace till I saw the lights from our cosy homestead gleaming through the darkness.

But what was my surprise when my wife ran to meet me with this announcement.

"Oh, John, I'm thankful to see you back. And do you know, there's a big dog in the house that came here a little while ago, and walked in as I was watching for you at the door."

"Let me see it," said I, giving the mare to one of my men to unharness; and, hurrying into the house, I saw, to my utter astonishment, the mastiff that had followed me from Brentshaw. There he lay stretched on the hearthrug, and on my entrance, he raised himself and looked at me with his soft brown eyes, that were fain to speak the message that filled the sagacious creature's heart.

I took his noble head between my hands, and am not ashamed to say that tears were on my cheek as I met that eloquent look, and said;

"Brave fellow, you've saved my life this night; and while I have a morsel in my possession you shall share it."

"What do you mean, John?" cried my wife, her face pale with alarm.

Then I told her my adventure, and ended with.

"So, Milly, go and bring the best that you have in the house, for I tell you that dog shall have it. I'll taste neither bit nor sup till he has had his fill. You have him to thank that I'm home alive this night."

The wife needed no second bidding, and we watched our noble friend devour his well-earned supper with grateful heart.

I examined his body carefully to see if he had been hurt in his scuffle with the robber, and was relieved to find there were no traces of injury. Before leaving him for the night, we made a bed for him in front of the fire, resolved that, as long as he lived, he should have his bed under our roof, and want for nothing that could make a dog's life perfectly happy.

The first thing I did next morning was to look after my preserver; but never shall I forget the poignant grief I experienced when the maid told me that the dog had gone out when she opened the door, and had disappeared. From that day to this I have never seen a trace of the benefactor who saved my life at the risk of his own.

How he came to know that evil was determined against me, that danger awaited me on my homeward journey, must remain one of those mysteries of animal life known only to the Creator, who has implanted in the hearts of these dumb creatures that strange love for human companionship which has been so shamefully abused by man.

Many marvellous instances of the dog's sagacity are on record, and the foregoing is a faithful narrative of what actually took place.

Those who have ever found solace in a dog's companionship and have mourned its loss will endorse this tribute to it:

> "With eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,
> The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
> The rich man's guardian, the poor man's friend,
> The only creature faithful to the end."

N.B.—Will not some of our readers send us short papers on this interesting subject? We cannot promise to put in all the papers sent, but we shall select a few well-written ones.—THE EDITOR.

Editorial Notes.

Miss Manning Memorial Fund.

The many friends in India of the late Miss E. A. Manning, for twenty-eight years Honorary Secretary of the National Indian Association, will be gratified to learn that the Council of the Association have resolved to take

steps to raise funds for a Memorial bearing her name, in recognition of the great work accomplished by her.

Miss Manning's generous testamentary dispositions in favour of the Association form a permanent and most valuable source of aid and encouragement to the Association in their endeavours to continue the work which she has laid down: and they establish, if it were possible, a further claim upon their regard and service.

The exact form of the Memorial must be determined hereafter. It is felt that it should take some form likely to promote the useful schemes to which her life was devoted. The Council invites any suggestions on this head.

The Council of the Association will have much pleasure in receiving contributions to the Miss Manning Memorial Fund. They should be sent to the Miss Manning Memorial Fund at London and Westminster Bank, 1, St. James' Square, London, S.W.; or to any of the Local Secretaries in India.

A Mohammedan Lady Matriculate.

There is nothing perhaps more remarkable in the progress of the country—than the advance which of late years has been made in education—an example of which we have before us in Miss Saada Fait Mahommed who has recently passed the Matriculation examination in Bombay with high distinctions of honour.

The grand-daughter of the late Mr. Niymood-deen Tyabjee, who was a profound scholar, Miss Saada was left an orphan at a tender age and was brought and reared up by her aunt, Mrs. Hydari, descended from a family of well-known and extraordinary intellectual faculties; and, urged by Mr. Hydari whose wide range of study, knowledge and wonderful abilities won for him the privileged post he holds at present in Hyderabad, Miss Saadar's career in school was brilliant.

A few more of such examples and India will have reason to be proud of her Muslim daughters.

We take this opportunity of offering our best congratulations to Miss Saada and also to those near and dear to her—for her successful and noble attainments. We publish a photo of Miss Saada in this issue.

The late Mrs. Sasipada Banerji.

In the death which occurred on the 28th January last of Srimati Girija Kumari Devi, the wife of the well-known veteran reformer, Babu Sasipada Banerji, of Baranagar, India has lost a typical modern heroine. Descended of a respectable ancient family, related both by blood and marriage to some of the best of the Bengali families, and connected from her earliest years with works of philanthropy and usefulness, the deceased lady was held in great respect by whomsoever she was known. Before her marriage she studied at the Hindu Mahila Vidyalaya and Banga Mahila Vidyalaya, both of which have played so important a part in spreading higher education among Bengali ladies. While at the latter institution, she was also in special charge of the girls, and "she did this work with such heartiness that "her tender care was deeply impressed on the "minds of those who enjoyed it and led to life-"long friendships and even to family relation-"ship." Her marriage with Mr. Banerji proved very happy and the fearless and the indefatigable Bengali reformer found in her, not only a most loving wife, but a constant helpmate in all his varied activities on behalf of India's religious and social progress. She continued in her devotion to female education until her very death. For several years she taught regularly in the Baranagar Girls' School and helped her husband in the management of the Hindu Widows' Home. She was a staunch supporter of the Theistic movement, and contributed most liberally towards its funds. The leading trait in her character was her perfect unselfishness, combined with deep sympathy with human suffering and this was enough to win for her the love and respect of all those who came in contact with her charming personality. Her hospitality was unbounded and all classes of persons whom her husband's many-sided activities drew to Baranagar felt the warmth and cordiality of the welcome she extended to them and were strongly drawn towards her home. We offer our heartiest condolence to the bereaved husband and to the large number of relations and friends, whom Mrs. Banerji has left behind to mourn her loss. The sympathy of all true friends of Indian progress and reform will go out to the distinguished reformer in the loss of his life's companion in his advanced years.

Two Brahmin Lady Graduates.

We publish, in this number, photos of Rukmaniamma and Srirangamma, who passed their B.A., this year from The Maharani Girls' College, Mysore, and are to take their Degrees at the approaching convocation. This is the first time Hindu ladies are taking their degrees in the Madras Presidency, and it will be a rare sight to see these two Brahmin ladies marching up to the platform in their gowns and hoods. Rukmaniamma and Srirangamma appeared for the B.A., branch by branch, under great difficulties, and we heartily congratulate them for overcoming these difficulties in the resolute manner they have done. In our "Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns," there is an account of a short inter-

view with the Princess of Wales by some Maharani Girls' College students. This is written by Srirangamma, whose photo appears now; and these two ladies were among those who had the interview.

Mrs. Ali Akbar.

Mrs. Zubaidah Ali Akbar is one of those few Indian ladies who have earned a European reputation on account of their graceful manners and high enlightenment. Herself descended from a highly respected family and married to a gentleman of the position of Mr. Ali Akbar, a member of a most enlightened family in India, Mrs. Ali Akbar is well-known. Her travels have been extensive and she is quite at ease with the English language. During her first visit to Europe, she was the fortunate winner of the first prize for the best dress in the room, at the Annual Fancy Dress Ball in Covent Gardens in 1894. She went in her own native costume, while all the others had dressed up for the occasion. The prize consisted of a handsome silver tea set valued at about a hundred pounds sterling. This attracted considerable attention at the time and her portrait appeared in several English journals.

Mrs Ali Akbar has had the high privilege of having had a private audience with our late Empress Queen Victoria.

We have much pleasure in submitting to our readers her picture, showing the dress which won the prize. In the October number of *Khatoon*—the excellent ladies' journal published at Aligarh, Mrs. Ali Akbar has written an interesting account of her audience with Queen Victoria, a translation of which we should very much like to publish, but for the limited space at our disposal. She also took the lead in the splendid reception which was given to Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, on behalf of the ladies of Bombay.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

The Mahakali Pathasala is an important institution in Calcutta for imparting instruction to Hindu girls on strictly orthodox lines. It was founded by Her Holiness Mataji Maharani Tapaswini in 1893; and it has grown from small beginnings to a position of great influence and usefulness.

—The distribution of prizes at the Pathasala came off on the 23rd February, when Sir Francis Maclean presided and Lady Minto gave away the prizes. The ceremony was held at the Town Hall. The girls in pink saris were a bright lot. Her Holiness Mataji Maharani was also present, and made a striking picture, dressed in a velvet coat reaching to her knees and wearing a white *dhotie*, with her face streaked with sandal and kunkuman. Prizes, in the shape of gold and silver medals, for proficiency in culinary art, for good conduct and modesty, were awarded.

The report of the Committee showed that financially the institution is not so well off as might be. The number on rolls at the end of the last year was 525 girl pupils receiving free education. Following the practice in the Calcutta schools, the Pathasala has a number of omnibuses and carriages for taking pupils to and from homes, for which a small fee is charged. The Pathasala has a number of branches in Bengal.

—Says the *Sindh Gazette.*—We note with much satisfaction that Hyderabad is making increasing efforts to educate its girls, and that the Anglo-Vernacular School which was started in April 1904 has now fifty-eight girls attending it. The special object in starting the school was the introduction of the teaching of English. We have always strongly advocated the teaching of English on account of its educative influence, and the earlier the age at which the study of it is commenced, the better. There can be no more useful instrument in clearing away old prejudices, letting in new ideas, and drawing the Indian peoples together into one nationality than a knowledge of the language which is now so largely used among all the best classes of Indian Society. A foreign language is very easily learnt in early youth, and its employment is no bar whatever to intellectual development in other directions. We wish the Anglo-Vernacular School every success.

—The Widow Remarriage Association of Upper India, which was established at Shahjehanpur in May 1902, under the patronage of the Gaekwar of Baroda, has been instrumental in promoting no fewer than 127 widow remarriages, most of which have taken place in respectable Brahmin families. Of this number, 47 were solemnised last year. The Association has 250 members on its roll and carries on its work by assisting willing applicants for remarriages, by defraying matrimonial expenses and deputing officers to organise arrangements in cases where opposition is feared from people of the same community. It also delivers lectures at which opportunities are given for discussion, with the object of popularising the movement for the amelioration of the condition of Hindu widows.

—The Report presented at the Annual Meeting of the Bombay Sanitary Association held on the 7th February, shows that Sanitary work of the highest usefulness is being done in that most populous city of India. The Association has appointed a number of health visitors who regularly visit the houses of the poor, both morning and evening, and explain to the people how to improve the condition of their dwelling places, by proper ventilation, while the disposal of refuse, the proper condition of the floor, the sanitary conveniences, the seeking of medical aid in times of sickness, keeping rooms free from accumulation of dust, small-pox, plague, phthisis, consumption and diseases of infants are well enlarged upon. The health visitors submit a weekly report of the work done by them to the Health Officer. All insanitary houses are reported by them to the Divisional Health Officer and the Executive Engineer for such action as they may deem necessary. These health visitors have been found to be very useful and the Association mean to engage a few lady health visitors and make them teach personal hygiene to the female population.

Lord Lamington, who presided at the Meeting, eulogised the work that is thus being done and approved of the extension that the Association proposes to undertake. Continuing, His Excellency said:—Educated ladies should come forward to offer their services as honorary health visitors. It is they that can do a great deal of good in this capacity. If one or two ladies set the example and their services are properly appreciated, there is no doubt that there will be a healthy impetus given to such sanitary activity.

—The public is well aware of the name of the late Lala Bihari Lal, the founder of the Satya Sabha, Punjab, and father of Punjabi literature. His wife Srimati Mohan Devi has made a donation of one thousand rupees to construct a hall in the Kanya Mahavidyala in memory of her husband and her son, Parmeshwari Dass, who died very young.

—The Government of Mysore have come liberally forward to give to the missionary Hospital for women and children a building grant of Rs. 25,000 and a monthly grant of Rs. 200 for its maintenance. The Government have laid down certain conditions which should be observed by the Hospital authorities. These are that medical relief shall be given to all without distinction of caste or creed and throughout the day, that periodical inspection be made of medical and other officers who may be appointed for the purpose, that the medical relief afforded shall be efficient and admission thereto being on purely non-religious and non-sectarian basis and that the customs and prejudices of caste or religion shall be respected.

—A meeting of the Palaghat Ladies' Association took place the other day at the residence of Mrs. Glyn Barlow, the Honorary Secretary. There was a large gathering. A lecture on the Daily Life of the Hindu woman was read in English and Malayalam by Mrs. C. Raman Menon, wife of Mr. C. Raman Menon of the Palghat Bar. The function came to a c'ose with a gramophone entertainment together with refreshments to all those present.

—The pass list of the First Examination in Arts of the Madras University held in December last includes ten female candidates, of whom only one, Muthu Lakshmiammal, of Pudukota State, is a Hindu, the rest being Christians.

—A bequest of Rs. 15,000 for a Widows' Home at Hyderabad (Sind) and another of Rs. 25,000 for the establishment of a charitable dispensary in that city have been left by the late Dewan Uttam Singh, Minister to H. H. the Mir of Khairpore,

—Miss B. Kalliani Amma, who is now a teacher in the Travancore Maharajah's College for girls, has been recommended by the Lady Principal for the grant of a scholarship of Rs. 20, to enable her to prosecute her studies for the B. A. degree.

—The permanent residents of Hussan, I hear, have opened a new Brahmin Girls' School. There are already 100 girls on the rolls and Rs. 1,200 have been collected for the up-keep of the institution. The students are chiefly those who attended the Mission Schools in the city.

—The annual meeting of the Madras Hindu Social Reform Association was held at Madras on the 19th February. The report for the past year mentions a widow marriage in Madras, the bridegroom being a Tamil Smartha Brahmin young man, studying for the B. A. degree, and the bride, a virgin widow of the same sect.

—Out of the 8 successful pupils of the St. Anne's High School one is a Hindu girl belonging to the Balegar community and the rest are Catholics.

—Miss Mary Poonnen and Miss L. de Vida, who passed the recent F. A. Examination, have joined the Trivandrum College, to study for the B. A.

—Miss Mary Poonnen, daughter of Dr. Poonnen, will be presented with a gold medal by the Syrian Christian Association as she is the first Syrian girl who has passed the F. A. Examination.

—Subscribers to the Bombay Ladies' Princess Reception Fund mean utilising the balance of Rs. 6,000 for establishing an Oriental Gymkhana Club and a Gymnasium for ladies.

—Rajah Rangayya Appa Row Bahadur of Nuzvid, in honour of the visit of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, has endowed a bed, to be known as "The Princess of Wales' Bed," in the Royal Victoria Caste and Gosha Hospital, Madras.

—At a meeting held at the Hon'ble Mr. Venkata Row's Town Hall, Bellary, it was resolved that an Association called the Hindu Girls' Education Association be formed in Bellary, with the following objects:—

(i) to persuade the townsmen to send their girls to school,

(ii) to visit girls' schools from time to time and to make such suggestions as they think fit to the authorities,

(iii) to supplement the efforts of the Educational Department (*a*) by providing for teachers in music and such other subjects for which the department may not be able to make provision, (*b*) by adding to the prizes given annually and (*c*) by such other ways as they may think fit.

THE PLAINS OF PEACE.

Is the way so dark, O wand'rer,
Is the hill-crest wild and steep,
Far, so far, the vale beyond thee,
Where the home-lights vigil keep?
Still the goal lies far before thee,
Soon will fall on thee the night;
Breast the path that takes thee onward,
Fight the storm with all thy might!
Though thy heart be faint and weary.
Though thy footsteps fain would cease,
Journey onward, past the hill-crest
Lie for thee the Plains of Peace!

Is thy path so rough, O pilgrim,
Passing on thy way through Life;
Deep the sorrows that beset thee,
Great the burden, wild the strife?
Though the hill of life be weary,
Though the goal of rest be far;
Set thy whole heart to endeavour,
Turn thy soul to yon bright star!
From the toiling, from the striving,
There at last shall come release;
One shall bring thee, past the hill-crest,
Home unto His Plains of Peace!

News and Notes.

—Mr. Carnegie has announced that he will shortly give another £1,000,000 to the fund for the relief of teachers and professors in the United States.

—Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Ampthill have kindly sent a parting gift of Rs. 300 to the Friend-in-Need Society.

—Lady Strathcona has given a donation of ten thousand guineas to the Queen's Unemployed Fund, stipulating that £9,000 of it be devoted to emigrations to Canada.

—The Chinese Empress Dowager has ordered all eligible Princes to be present on New Year's Day, when she will select three or four from whom the Emperor's successor will eventually be nominated.

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward has received $ 150,000 in royalties from her book "The Marriage of William Ashe." As it also has been dramatized she may receive even more from it in that form if it makes a hit.

—Hajee Mahomed Yusuf Ismail, of Rangoon, has given Rs. 30,000 for establishing ophthalmic wards in the Mandalay General Hospital in commemoration of the Royal Visit. The wards will be named after the Princess of Wales.

—Twenty young ladies of California have just been initiated into Buddhism by a Buddhist Missionary who recently arrived there from India. The ladies are all of good social position. A Buddhist temple is about to be built in Los Angelos, California.

—The Emperor of Japan has conferred upon Miss Lyddel, an English lady, a medal with a blue ribbon, in recognition of her steady devotion since 1890 to her work among the inmates of the Leper Asylum at Tokio. The honour is unprecedented.

—The Empress Eugenie is still writing her memoirs. They are not to be published until twenty-five years after her death. She uses a pen set with diamonds which was used by the fourteen signers of the treaty of Paris in 1856.

—The University of Paris has established a number of travelling scholarships worth $ 1,500 each, for women students to enable the recipients to visit the chief Educational institutions of America, England, Germany and Norway.

—The Alumnae of Vassar College have established a fellowship prize of $ 500 permitting the holder to have a year of postgraduate work in any desired college. At present the fellowship is held by Miss Florence Bennet, 1903, who is following courses at Columbia University.

—Miss Florence King, recently elected recording secretary of the Illinois Equal Sufferage Association, is an attorney who has had a remarkable rise in the world. Sixteen years ago she was a country girl employed as a house servant at $1. 25 a week. Now her specialty is patent law, and she has won a number of well-known cases.

—Miss Edith King is a young woman who makes it her business to trace deserters from the United States army and navy. She is credited with having arrested a little more than 2,500 men, she has travelled all over the world in search of deserters and has used numerous disguises. Although she has dealt with desperate men and has found it necessary at times to use her revolver she has never been harmed.

—Mrs. Admiral Togo is said to be a gentle homely little woman who does her own housework and employs but one servant. The family keeps no Jinrikisha but after the war began Mrs. Togo bought a bicycle and gave it to her son so that he might ride down to Yokohama to get her the latest news. Since no correspondence passed between her and the Admiral.

—Miss Minnetta Taylor, of Green-Castle, Ind., for years professor of Romance languages in De Paun University, speaks fluently twenty-two different tongues, can converse fairly well in nine others and can read four more. From her earliest youth she showed remarkable ability to master languages and when little more than a child she could speak Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

—The State University of Washington has always shown chivalry toward the woman students. The student boy associated students have just shown anew their appreciation of the girls by electing Miss Margaret Heyes, editor-in-chief of the College monthly. Miss Heyes was chosen last year on the debating team that represented the University in a debate with an Oregon University. She is said to be a very bright young woman. This is not the only occasion on which the girls have been honored in the University of Washington.

—Mrs. Alzora Mullen is one of a half-dozen women in Chicago who conduct barber shops. Mrs. Mullen studied hair dressing and manicuring, but hearing that there was more money in barbering, she added that branch of business also and now cuts and shaves men. Report says she does not encourage customers to talk, she considers barbering a purely business operation and she neither talks herself nor allows her girls to enter into conversation. Mrs. Mullen says there are few occupations where a woman can make so much money. She pays her girls s. 18 and s. 19 a week.

—In France the Woman's National Council at one of its recent meetings discussed the need of establishing juvenile courts and "councils of guardianship" to which women should be eligible. The opinion was expressed that it was essential in order to check the increase of juvenile criminality. It was decided to introduce a bill in Parliament. A report was given of the Peace Congress at Lille, and the large part taken in it by women, which was especially remarkable in a provincial city. Resolutions were passed expressing sympathy with the victims of the massacres in Russia and praise for the courage shown by the Russian women.

—The death is announced of Miss Henrietta Muller, the well-known advocate of women's rights. She belonged to that increasing band of earnest and high-minded English gentlewomen who take a practical interest in the moral welfare of India, especially in that of the women of this country. Like many others of her countrymen and countrywomen, she had heard the East a-calling and she did her best to respond to the call. It may be remembered that she attended the Madras Congress in 1894 and caused a sensation by standing upon the platform and protesting against a certain gentleman being allowed to speak. She had adopted a Bengalee boy as her son.

—Miss Grace Barstow of San Jose, California, has the unique distinction of being the only violin-maker in America if not in the world, and moreover she is a noted performer on the instruments of her own making. When her desire to make a violin became known, Miss Barstow's family gave her every encouragement, and to send to Germany for woods. Altogether, six violins have been completed by her, each one a noted improvement on preceding effort, until the last instrument is said by experts to possess a delightfully rich and brilliant tone. Miss Barstow has shown considerable inventive genius in constructing her violins, successfully experimenting with the native redwood as a base bar.

—Mrs. Maud Nathan, of New York, President of the National Consumer's League, is developing remarkable eloquence as a speaker. Her wit and humor delight her audiences and furnish a brilliant refutation of the ancient theory that women have no sense of fun. Mrs. Nathan is a believer in equal suffrage convention two years ago, she said her experience had convinced her that some of the evils from which working women now suffer would be remedied if they had a vote. She backed up this statement with a telling series of concrete instances. In one case a Governor of New York since deceased, told her frankly when she spoke to him about some desirable legislation for working girls that he was not interested in working girls; they had no votes.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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